vision should be made by Congress for leasing coal lands and other mineral lands. He cites the successful use of the leasing system in Australia, New Zealand, and Nova Scotia. In spite of his own disinclination to Government ownership of railways "where the same certainty and efficiency of service can be had by private enterprise," the President has come to the support of the view that the conditions in Alaska warrant the Government in building and owning a trunk line railway. He points out that the ownership of such a railway does not necessarily imply Government operation. In respect to the plan for Government ownership he recommends the creation of a commission to examine and report upon available routes. The President also reiterates his recommendation for better general laws for the government of Alaska. On matters of Conservation not confined to Alaska he refers especially to two subjects, homesteads and water power sites. He wishes less restriction upon the homesteader on reclaimed land. As to water power sites, the President reverses his former position. Heretofore he has taken the view that water powers ought to be turned over to the States upon certain conditions—a view that has occasioned a great deal of solicitude to the majority of those who have given most thought to the problems of Conservation. The President has now changed his mind, and thinks it "better that the power of control should remain in the National Government." This change of view on the part of the President will be most heartily welcomed.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE COST OF LIVING AND THE INDUSTRIAL WAR

Important as questions of conservation of material resources are, however, the questions affecting present conditions of human life are even more important. Therefore what the President says on the two other important subjects is of still greater consequence than what he has said about Conservation. One of these is the question of the cost of living. On this point he urges the appointment of an international commission, and an invitation to foreign Governments to a conference at Washington or elsewhere to consider this matter. Most important of all, the President adopts the suggestion that was made to him by a number of eminent citizens in a communication to him not long ago, and urges upon Congress the creation of a commission to look into those new and vital questions that concern the relations of employers and employees. As the President indicates in what he says on this subject, it is idle merely to criticise the use of boycotts and blacklists if we are indifferent to that state of industrial war in which these are the only weapons left to the two combatants. The President wishes such a commission as will inquire into the general conditions of labor, the existing relations between employers and employees, the various methods which have been tried for securing satisfactory relations, and the scope and method of various instruments of the Government in State and Nation that might be used for meeting the responsibility of the community. We publish elsewhere in this issue an article by Mr. Woehlke which shows what this industrial war involves, and an editorial commenting at greater length upon the subject.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE DUTY ON PAPER

The "Paper Trade Journal," with what seems to us to be considerable justice, continues to point out the ill effects that have followed the enactment of that clause of the Canadian Reciprocity Act which admits Canadian paper and wood pulp into the United States free of duty. We have already reported the fact that Germany and the Scandinavian countries have insisted upon their right to send print paper and wood pulp to the United States free of duty, under the most favored nation provision of our commercial treaties, and we have commented upon the awkward position in which Mr. Taft and the Administration are placed by this claim. The "Paper Trade Journal" announces that the Government has ordered the Collectors of Customs not to allow the free entry of print paper and wood pulp from Europe, and that the protests, which assert that this denial of free entry is a violation of the favored nation clauses of the treaties, are to be taken to the Board of General Appraisers. There is every probability that the General Appraisers will decide in favor of the Government, and that the question must be carried to the United States Customs Court of Appeals, and even possibly to the Supreme Court of the United States. Thus we shall have a situation in which the courts will decide whether the United States is violating its treaty agreements. This does not appear to us to be harmonious with the professions made by this Government that it

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desires to refer all international disputes to arbitration. If the Administration had become involved in this controversy inadvertently, the case would not be so bad; but, as a matter of fact, the possibility and even probability of international complications was carefully and clearly pointed out to the President before the very quiet, if not secret, enactment of the clause admitting print-paper free from Canada. There is too much ground, we regret to say, for the belief that the Administration took this action in order to respond to the demands of some of the daily newspapers of the country, without fully considering its effect either on a consistent tariff policy or on our international relations. It certainly was not done in pursuance of Mr. Taft's announced policy of revising the tariff in accordance with the reports of an expert Tariff Commission.

A REFORM UNFORMED

When the revolt in the House of Representatives two years ago changed the rules of the House, one of the reforms secured was that of making easier the opportunity of calling bills out of committee. The Democratic majority in the House has now done a great deal to undo this achievement. When a bill is introduced, it is referred to some committee of the House. Until two years ago it was comparatively easy to let any such bill, no matter what its merits or importance, die of suffocation. If the committee was unfriendly, it could simply refuse to report the bill and nothing could be done. The only practical way then for calling out a bill was by securing the consent of the Speaker; so the whole question rested with the Speaker of the House and the committee that he had appointed. One of the important changes brought about by the revolt against Cannonism was the adoption of a rule which made it possible to let the House vote on the question whether a bill should be called out from the committee or not, without necessarily getting the consent of the Speaker. This change was made with the Democrats and Insurgents acting together. Now that the Democrats are in power, they have found this rule not altogether comfortable. And they have changed the procedure, so that now the calling of a bill out of committee cannot be secured until other business which depends upon the Speaker is concluded. This practice makes it possible for the Speaker to prevent the bills being called out. Of course this is only a question of machinery, but sometimes questions of machinery are very important. And it is true in matters of government, as it is in questions of manufacture, that although you have to have something besides machinery to get good results, you cannot get good results unless you have adequate machinery. It seems as if the Democrats, now that they are in power, have shown a willingness to impede the legislative freedom which two years ago they did so much to secure.

ARMY ECONOMY AND ARMY EFFICIENCY

The Outlook has already commended the recommendations of Mr. Stimson, the Secretary of War, for certain changes in army matters which would, on the one hand, cut off an absurd waste of money, and, on the other hand, would make the army mobile and efficient. The Outlook has also pointed out that the attempt of Democrats in Congress through the Hay Bill to cut down military expenses was false economy, would in the end cost more than it would save, and would cripple the army in point of efficiency. One of the important recommendations made by Secretary Stimson was the obvious one that obsolete and expensive army posts should be abolished. He said: "We have scattered our army over the country as if it were merely groups of local constabulary instead of a National organization. The result is an army which is extraordinarily expensive to maintain and one whose efficiency for the main purpose of its existence has been nullified so far as geographical location can nullify it." Thereupon the House of Representatives called upon Secretary Stimson by resolution for detailed information; and at the same time there was much perturbation among members who feared that army posts in their districts might be disturbed—for here, as with the tariff and with building appropriations, economy at large is a noble thing, but economy in one's own district is deplorable. The Secretary of War promptly answered the very proper inquiry of Congress through a letter complete and detailed in its information and unanswerable in its demonstration that saving in many ways would follow a policy of concentration. Eighteen posts are named as those which should be abandoned as soon as possible, and seven others as places which should ultimately be abandoned. The objections and difficulties involved are considered—chief among them

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perhaps the opposition of the communities where the posts are situated—but the practicability and importance of a move in this direction are made evident beyond dispute. With this careful and thorough study of the question before it, Congress should not hesitate to take the matter up in a broad-minded way, to look for final results rather than for saving, and to follow the expert advice of General Wood, Secretary Stimson, and others who look at military affairs with full knowledge.

THE FAULTS OF THE EXPRESS COMPANIES

The investigation of the express companies before the Inter-State Commerce Commission has only begun, but the first few hearings show the need of drastic reform. The complaint of those who use the express service (and that, since we have no parcels post, means every one) is not merely that charges are high, but that they are grossly unequal for the same service. By a tacit understanding between the companies, and by a division among themselves of the territory served, the charge for carrying one hundred miles in one direction may be at least half again as large as for carrying the same package a hundred miles in another direction. The companies themselves have made some reforms as to these excessive charges made when a package is handled by two companies; but this was obviously hastened by the prospect of investigation, and the situation is not yet what it should be. The evidence taken at Washington last week showed that the rates and rules were complicated in the highest degree. Thus records were brought forth from the companies' own books showing that four thousand overcharges or under-charges had been made by one company in one day, and three thousand by another company also in a single day. Commissioner Lane, in comment, characterized the rates as unintelligible even to the companies' own agents, stated that the Commission had before it at least ten thousand protests against overcharges, and remarked that he had had three rates quoted to him by the same agent on the same package on the same day. No doubt many of these overcharges were honest errors, but it is significant that the great majority of the mistakes were in favor of the company. Commissioner Lane threatened stringent prosecution if a change for the better did not take place. One bit of evidence relating to foreign charges brought out a queer state of things: an express company charges $1.02 at New Haven on a one-pound package for France; it pays the French parcels post system twenty-seven cents to carry the parcel from New York to France, and keeps seventy-five cents for carrying it from New Haven to New York; but the regular rate between New Haven and New York for a pound package is twenty-five cents, so that the man who sends the foreign package pays the express company just three times as much as it ought to have under its own domestic rate system for the domestic part of the work. This system of overcharging for the domestic part of foreign business seems to be general. It was urged on the part of the companies that the high rates are due to excessive charges by the railways against the express companies for carrying their goods; and the relations between railways and express companies will form an important part of the inquiry. A possible plan for improvement proposed was the consolidation of all the express companies, with close control by the Government. The total express revenue of the country is estimated at over a hundred and fifty million dollars a year, and half of this comes from small packages. Evidence showed that it costs two to three times as much to carry a given package in this country as it does abroad.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY AT WORK

An illustration of the workings of industrial democracy is to be seen in the conferences that are to be held during this and the following month between representatives of the anthracite mining companies and of their one hundred and eighty thousand employees in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. These conferences are voluntary meetings of the two parties in interest, and are the outgrowth of the Coal Strike Commission's award in 1903. It has been solely by means of these conferences that the awards of the Commission, which were for three years, have been continued in operationduring the past six years. Upon them rests the industrial machinery of what has come to be a trade agreement between these employers and their employees. The initiative has been taken by the mine-workers' formulation of specific demands to be presented to the operators. These demands were first agreed upon by representatives of the miners from each of the three districts in separate conven-

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tions of their union, and then finally formulated in a tri-district convention at Pottsville representing all three fields. The demands are ten in number. They ask for official recognition of the union; for an eight-hour work-day; the abolition of the contract system which gives to one miner more than two laborers; non-interference from the mining company with the check-weighman and check-docking boss who determines the amount of coal a miner sends out of the mine; the payment by weight of coal mined; and the fixing of a basis of 2,240 pounds as a ton for determining wages. More important than these, however, are the four remaining demands. Two of these are for an increase in wages averaging about twenty per cent, and two deal directly with a continuance of the present trade agreement relation between the employers and the employees. One aims at the abolition of the Board of Conciliation, with its limited powers, which was established in 1903 by President Roosevelt's Coal Strike Commission. The miners demand a plan for a different organization with larger powers. The wording of this demand is for "a more convenient and uniform system of adjusting local differences." The remaining demand is for an agreement for one year, instead of for three years as at present.

THE MINERS' DEMANDS

The demands of the anthracite mine employees in their essentials are not different from those presented by their union representatives at each of the two preceding conferences held since the award of the Strike Commission in 1903. At the first conference in 1906 the agreement entered into under the Commission's award was renewed for another three years without any changes in its terms. In 1909 five so-called concessions were granted by the mining companies. These placed the rate of wages for new work on the same basis as the Commission's award for old work of a similar kind and character; gave the union representatives permission to collect dues from members, and to post notices on company property according to the arrangement and decisions of the Conciliation Board; conceded to an employee discharged for being a member of the union the right to appeal his case to the Board for final adjustment; agreed that disputes under the agreement should first be taken up with the company officials and the employees' committee directly interested before the Board would consider them; and the companies consented to issue pay statements giving the name of the company, of the employee, colliery, the amount of wages, and the class of work performed. While these concessions were of no particular importance to the mining companies, the granting of them was hailed by the union officials as a victory of considerable significance, as the concessions at least enabled these officials to show to the mine employees the importance of having the union represent them. Unless the representatives of the union and of the operators are again able to come to a satisfactory understanding as to the present demands of the employees, the trade agreement that is now maintaining peaceful industrial relations between the two interests will expire on March 31. Such an outcome, resulting in at least a suspension of mining operations by the miners, with the probability of developing into a strike, would be greatly to the injury of the public welfare, which was so seriously jeopardized by the great strike of 1902. No repetition of that industrial war, involving the stability of our social and political institutions, is to be thought of for a moment, and if it is being seriously considered by either party to the present controversy, the public should make known in no uncertain tone its position at the very outset. An industrial disturbance of a character and scope such as this would be, while business conditions are still upset, and in the face also of the approaching Presidential campaign, would bring social and political consequences to be avoided by all possible means.

AN ORGANIZED ALLIANCE BETWEEN EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES

The recent strike of furniture-workers in Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been followed by better feeling between the two parties than might have been expected. The manufacturers have perfected plans for a unique and helpful co-operative organization, consisting of two co-ordinate associations, each largely independent of the other. The manufacturers have banded together as the Furniture Craftsmasters of Grand Rapids, and the employees as the United Furniture Craftsmen of Grand Rapids. The Craftsmen will have branches of not less than twenty-five members in each factory, and every individual member will pay fifty cents monthly

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dues, to be applied to sick, accident, and death benefits. The Craftsmen will be under the exclusive and entire management of the employees and will handle their own funds. The Craftsmasters will consist of all manufacturers whose employees are members of the Craftsmen. Each employer obligates himself to pay monthly into the treasury of his organization a sum equal to the total paid by his employees. The Craftsmasters' organization is independent of the Craftsmen, but agrees that its funds shall be perpetually applied to the benefit of employees who are members of the Craftsmen in such way as may be deemed advisable, especially in supplementing benefits, in creating old age pensions, in temporary loans to members, and in other avenues of service. In addition to the financial benefits to the employees, there must come the spirit of co-operation between manufacturer and laborer, which cannot do other than develop a sympathy and cordiality that will go far towards avoiding all labor troubles, and which will increase operating efficiency. If the six thousand strikers of last spring should all become members of this association, there would be available $72,000 a year, a sum far greater than that at the disposal of any local union organization. Such a sum would offer advantages to employees far in excess of those of any existing union, and would be a potent force for betterment in the city, bringing to many a family the help urgently needed in times of suffering. The project is most comprehensive, and is undertaken enthusiastically alike by manufacturers and employees. All of the employees consulted have expressed their unqualified approval. There seems to be no serious difficulty in the way of perfecting this effective fraternal organization of capital and labor. The consummation of such a twofold labor organization will be a credit to Grand Rapids, and will be watched everywhere as one of the hopeful developments out of our industrial unrest.

EDUCATION AND CHILD LABOR

At the Conference of the National Child Labor Committee lately held in Louisville, in conformity with its custom to lay emphasis on some one aspect of its problem each year, the discussions were grouped about the general topic, Child Labor and Education. By affording a forum from which many leading educators, including the President of the National Educational Association and the United States Commissioner of Education, could tell the public what the schools can do to win the loyal interest of parents and children, the Committee answered once for all the criticism that its efforts to prohibit the employment of little children in mills, mines, factories, and sweatshops are exclusively negative. It has declared that a statement of its whole programme comprises not only its aggressive policy against child exploitation, but also co-operation of educators, physicians, publicists, and the various social and religious institutions of the country, to open the doors of constructive opportunity before the children who are being shut out of injurious occupations. The need of vocational guidance and industrial training was emphasized in order to save children from being drawn direct from school into the "blind alley" industries—those industries which preclude the possibility of developing industrial efficiency and which fail to pay wages sufficient to sustain life. It was pointed out that of the 42,000 children between fourteen and sixteen years of age licensed each year to work in New York City, but a small percentage actually enter industries which afford reasonable opportunity, the majority being sucked into those parasitic forms of labor which require a weekly subsidy from the impoverished parents to supplement the wages of the child, and which leave the victim poorer in health, in efficiency, and in money after his years of sacrifice. On the other hand, it was pointed out that no amount of industrial training will solve the problem of the child in industry. The assumption that, if children are trained to the various industries while in school and have their attention directed toward the occupations of the communities, they will, on leaving school, be ushered at once into profitable occupations, is not borne out by facts. As one speaker expressed it, "The most valuable service the country will get from these splendid efforts to give children industrial training and vocational guidance is the by-product. These efforts will so enrich the school curriculum, will fill it so full of vital interest, that we shall soon find the school holding the child to the last possible moment, instead of, as now, losing him at the first possible moment. If the schools can retain our children two years longer than at present, they will render the highest possible service towards the solution not only of

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the child labor problem, but of many other complicated industrial problems."

GIVE THE CHILD A CHANCE

Federal aid to education was urged on the ground that many poorer sections of the country are unable to meet the growing demands for education which result from the establishment and enforcement of good child labor laws. With approximately twenty per cent of the white voting population illiterate in some States, as shown by Census returns, the enlargement and better equipment of the public school becomes imperative. Discussions of the problem of rural child labor and rural education also brought out the testimony that a more aggressive policy on the part of the public school may be successfully urged to stem the drift toward cities and mill communities. The Conference adopted a resolution indorsing the Uniform Child Labor Law, recently approved and advocated by the Commissioners on Uniform Laws of the American Bar Association. Even this standard appeared not to suit the ideals of many delegates. The proposed law fixes a fourteen-year age limit and restricts the work of children under sixteen years to eight hours a day, six days a week; prohibits night work; and excludes all children from dangerous occupations. One Western delegate declared that "there will soon be a universal eight-hour working day for all women, and a sixteen-year age limit for all children." But the prevailing sentiment appeared to favor the more moderate proposition, and to demand entire co-operation with our educational system. Employment with a view to education and not for exploitation, the opportunity "to work instead of being worked," was urged even for young children; and the educators of the country were called upon to so revolutionize school methods and curriculums that not only compulsory attendance laws shall become effective—which is the least part of the need—but that practical educational opportunity shall be made available for all. The United States Commissioner of Education drew an inviting picture of an industrial education programme in mill towns and mining communities, as offering a practical educational substitute for child labor. He declared that young children might use the waste spots of ground in cotton mill villages, under supervision of the local school, as a part of the regular school course, not only to develop their health and general training, but at the same time to relieve the labor market in cotton mills, and as a direct result of their garden work contribute more in actual substance to the family than their meager wages produce. The facts presented by many speakers and by exhibit charts and photographs of children being exploited in textile mills, coal mines, glass factories, street trades, sea food canneries, sweatshops, and other industries, demonstrated the imperative demand for a constructive educational policy.

FOR AN UNDIVIDED PROTESTANTISM

Protestant churches in our country and in Canada have been coming together in large and practical ways. In Canada the Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, and Presbyterian Churches are now upon the point of combining in a united church. Efforts begun in 1899 to promote co-operation resulted five years ago in negotiations for union. The result of these has already been approved by the official bodies of these three, and is now sent down to their membership for final ratification. The agreements reached in unity of doctrine, of polity, and of administration are stated in elaborate detail in the remarkable document now submitted to this referendum. The common polity proposed preserves those distinctive elements in the polity of each church "which would add to the efficiency of a united church." The common administration—including missions, publishing interests, colleges, and benevolent funds—settles problems of peculiar difficulty, and most wisely too, in leaving certain questions to be determined by "the Supreme Court of the united church." In our own country federal rather than organic unity is making rapid progress. The movement, which began in 1902, advanced in 1905 to an inter-church conference on federation, and in 1908 to the first meeting of a Federal Council of Churches, with a constituency of eighteen millions. The pressing need which called this Federation into being is to apply the principles of the Gospel to social life. What these principles enjoin in the present controversy between capital and labor the Council stated in a programme which can be fairly termed "a bill of rights." The Commission appointed to give efficiency to it has accomplished much inconspicuous foundation work in mustering and organizing the forces,

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in making connection with necessary allies—educational, social, and industrial—and in joining social sympathies with a religious motive and directing them into definite lines of achievement. At the same time the formation of local federations in States and cities has been pressed forward. The "Plan of Social Work," given out by the Commission at its National offices, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York, presents details for which space is wanting here. Space also permits only a reference to the survey which the Home Missions Council of seven denominations has lately been making through fourteen great States of the West. The purpose of this Council is to organize Christian expansion in the line of interdenominational co-operation in place of the wasteful competition that has overcrowded many places while leaving many other places utterly destitute. Thus the old phrase, "divided Protestantism," is evidently fast becoming an anachronism.

THE DICKENS CENTENARY

Public interest in the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens expressed itself in various ways on both sides of the Atlantic. In New York there was a public dinner, at which Mr. Seth Low presided and at which Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin gave a charming account of her interview with Dickens at the age of ten, an experience which lost nothing in the telling. Miss Agnes Repplier commented on the fading of the memory of Dickens in the minds of the present generation. Mr. Markham was fortunate to have his poem, "The World that Dickens Made," read by Miss Matthison, and Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy took issue with the impression that Dickens is open to the charge of sentimentality. On Wednesday evening Carnegie Hall was filled with a great audience listening to a series of short speeches on the different aspects of Dickens's career. Dr. Finley, discussing "Dickens and America," found plenty of material to present in the raw America of the time of Dickens's first visit. Dr. E. R. L. Gould found much in the novels to explain the human appeal of Dickens; Mr. Augustus Thomas expressed the opinion that while Dickens was a dramatic novelist, he was not a dramatist, illustrating his theme from a broad range of artistic examples. Miss Matthison read "Little Dorrit's Party" with delicate and appealing sympathy. One of the most interesting features was the original poem read by Mr. William Watson, who was received by his audience with a cordiality that verged on enthusiasm, and who rendered his verse very effectively. Mr. Mabie presided, and announced that the Dickens fund in England had reached $30,000, while in this country only about $8,000 had been received, and strongly urged great additions to the American contributions as an expression of gratitude to a man who had, as some one has said, "sent a tear and a laugh around the world." Checks may be sent to Clarence H. Mackay, 235 Broadway, New York. Letters were read from Mr. Dickens's two surviving children, from Miss Terry and Mr. Wister, as well as from the British and French Ambassadors, M. Maeterlinck, and many other people of literary distinction. Mr. Chesterton sent a characteristic telegram: "Dickens was popular, yet independent. He may yet survive the American Constitution; he has the British." At the celebration in Boston ex-Governor Long presided at a great gathering in Tremont Temple, addressed by distinguished speakers. In London the grave of Dickens in Westminster Abbey was covered with leaves, some of them from this country; and the centenary was observed by commemorative services, carnivals, and dinners in many places throughout the United Kingdom and the British Colonies.

THE MORGAN COLLECTIONS

Few art connoisseurs in the world own more extensive art collections than does Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Some of Mr. Morgan's collections are in this country, at his residence in New York City, at the small museum close by which he has recently built, and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Others are in London at Mr. Morgan's residence near Hyde Park, in the National Gallery, and in the Victoria and Albert Museum there. They consist of paintings by Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, and other great artists, and also of practically unrivaled groups of bronzes, ivories, enamels, porcelains, and tapestries. The report is now confirmed that the London collections will, in large part, be transferred to this country. According to our customs officials, the value of the whole—about sixty million dollars—would be greater than all the art importations ever received at the port of New York. If the first feeling on the part of Americans is one of appreciation that these art treasures are to be seen in this country, the second is

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surely one of equal appreciation that the present tariff law has made this possible. Under the old law all works of art were taxed. This injustice led Mr. Morgan to keep many of his treasures in England because he would not pay the duties imposed upon them. Under the new law, all paintings, pastels, etchings, and articles of like nature more than twenty years old are exempt from duty, while other works of art, such as bronzes, marbles, pottery, antiquities, objects of art of an ornamental character or of an educational value, more than one hundred years old are also exempt. Most of Mr. Morgan's possessions come in one of these two classes. Some months since Mr. Morgan discussed the importation of these art treasures, intending them for public exhibition, with the Hon. William Loeb, Jr., Collector of the Port of New York. The result is that, to guard as much as possible against breakage, the routine work of customs inspection will be gone through with in England by our agents there. A Custom-House seal will be placed on each case and the cases will remain unopened until the time comes to unpack them in the storehouse of the museum where they are to be placed. This process, we believe, has never before been carried out in dealing with large art collections. It will certainly obviate the necessity of carting the delicate treasures to the public stores and of there subjecting them to the usual handling incident upon unpacking and packing again.

CHINA AND AMERICA

Last week Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, published the text of a letter addressed by him to Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington, in reply to the Ambassador's inquiry concerning our Government's attitude in view of the revolution in China. The letter might have been addressed to any other Washington representative of the Powers which in 1899–1900 assented to Secretary Hay's proposals for the maintenance of the "open door" and of China's territorial integrity. Mr. Knox's letter indicates the Administration's firm intention to pursue the Hay policy, to maintain the open door, and to discourage selfish interventions by any Power in China for the purpose of land-grabbing. But, in reaffirming our now traditional policy, Mr. Knox takes occasion to pronounce concerning a matter of very present moment both to Chinese Imperialists and Revolutionists. To continue the present struggle both sides need money. It can be obtained only from the foreign Powers. Let us all agree to make no war loans, says Mr. Knox, in effect, to the Powers, and let us make no loans unless assured that they are to be used for neutral and not for belligerent or factional purposes; and let us make no loans at all unless they are approved by a conference of the Powers. Nor does Mr. Knox stop here. The Powers should discourage, he suggests, any of their citizens or subjects from making unapproved loans to China by letting it be known that the respective Governments of those citizens or subjects will afford no protection for them. These proposals would do something to induce the cessation of fighting in China, but their real value would depend on whether they would aid the cause of liberty and justice.

THE RENEWED DISTURBANCE IN MEXICO

It is almost impossible to judge of the extent or gravity of the situation in Mexico. On the one hand, President Madero last week stated that his Government expected to dominate the situation completely within a short time, and spoke of the uprising as of no importance. On the other hand, reports from other sources assert that both in the province of Chihuahua, near the American border, and in the southern part of Mexico the rebels against Madero's Government are gaining in strength, and that it will be no easy task to put them down. In Chihuahua the insurgents are called Vasquitas, because they urged that Dr. Emilio Vasquez Gomez should be the real leader of the Radical and Reform party and should replace Madero. In the south the insurgents are supporting the claims of Zapata, and hence are called Zapatistas. In the north the insurrection started with the mutiny and revolt of soldiers; in the south it appears to have grown out of the union of bands of raiders and, in some cases, of brigands. Both movements indicate the impatience of an excitable element which expected impossible things from their new President, and in both the rebellion largely represents personal ambitions of men who have not received from Madero the advancement they expected. The attempt has been made to draw General Orozco into the rebellious faction; Orozco has declined an appointment as Governor of Chihuahua, but he declares that his influence, which is large, will be given to the support of the present Govern-

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ment. Uneasiness is felt in the United States about the situation, and preparations have been made to send considerable bodies of troops to our border if things grow worse. As it was at the time of the crisis in the Madero revolution, so now there is no desire on the part of any one in this country to intervene for the settlement of internal Mexican disputes, or to take any measures which would look toward territorial aggression. The United States must and will protect its citizens from attacks or injury coming from the other side of the border, and it must also use its utmost power to prevent the use of American territory for military or recruiting purposes by either of the contending factions.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA

It is certainly unfortunate that the recent Durbar should be coincident with the outbreak of famine in India. But the inevitable result of the fitful course of last summer's monsoon rains is already evident, especially in the northern portion of the Bombay Presidency. The autumn rains were also needed to prepare the soil for the second crops. There was failure in those rains too. The Government has acted promptly. As the cattle are the first to feel a famine, and as the Indian agriculturist's main dependence is on his cattle, the Government has purchased large quantities of fodder and is selling it cheaply; in addition, the Government has thrown open its forest reserves for free grazing. The Government is also advancing money to the farmers so that they may have the means of producing fodder on irrigated land, and of buying fodder where sowing of seed is impossible. Moreover, the Government is aiding the agriculturists in the construction of wells and in irrigation wherever possible. At the beginning of the year the number on such relief works was nearly forty thousand, and the number receiving gratuitous relief because of age or physical weakness brought the total to upwards of sixty-five thousand persons taken care of by the Government to prevent starvation. The famine's progress is one of gradually increasing distress. This applies both to the area and to the number of people involved. Hence the weekly increase of those for whom the Government must care is at present about ten thousand. As the weeks go by and the people's resources grow less, this rate of increase must gradually become larger. The stress of the famine is expected to reach its maximum in June, when it should be relieved by the rains. The Government cannot adequately meet so appalling a future. Its present aid must be supplemented. Hence the leading citizens of Bombay, of all castes and creeds, have formed a Famine Relief Fund. Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, and Christians are collecting sums from all classes. Our missionaries have also formed a famine committee, of which the Rev. Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, is secretary. He pleads earnestly for money to help the people; the smallest sums go a great way in India. Remittances addressed to the American Board, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded to Dr. Hume.

ITALIAN CRITICISMS OF AMERICAN ART: UNFAVORABLE

Last year occurred the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity. To celebrate it a great International Exposition was held in Rome and Turin. That in Rome comprised the Departments of History and Art; that in Turin, of Industry and Labor. Now that the Exposition is over, the comment, favorable and unfavorable, of the Italian papers on our art—especially on our painting—is worth noting. Most of our works, says the influential "Giornale d'Italia," show the influence of the "symphonist" painter. "There were symphonies in major and minor—that is to say, in high and low tone; symphonies in different colors—of gray, of purple, of yellow, and especially of green." This technique, thinks the "Giornale," is dangerous:

> In order to bring forth good fruits it wants an enormous refinement of taste and a rare surety and skill in the use of the brush, accompanied by that peculiar and at the same time mysterious faculty, possessed by only a very few artists, the faculty of rendering and reproducing by hints the most suggestive of things; of extracting and exposing the soul.

The "Giornale" admits that Whistler's paintings have these qualities, especially the last, but asks, "Do his countrymen, who try to imitate him, possess the same qualities? That is doubtful." As France, Belgium, Sweden, and Italy were represented by many "symphonist" pictures, has present-day American art some particular character of its own which might distinguish it from the art of the old European countries? asks the "Tribuna," the Government organ, and answers, "No."

> Leaving aside a few artists . . . who show some characteristic traits, . . . the others, in

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general, reveal no local importance. Their landscapes or their figures and portraits are no more American than French or English or Italian. If we want to insist on looking for some resemblance, we might find that they have in a certain way the manners of the French school.

The "Messagero" agrees to this, noting in our art the influence of all the European countries. Though we were represented by "some original and very strong works," as a whole the "Messagero" cannot see in them the influence of a national art, "in the way that we feel—and how we feel it!—the influence of an American market, of an American trade, of the American trusts." Again, in our pictures the "Messagero" finds "very few, very timid signs of the nude."

The terrible local prudery—boasted of, and little true in the country of all the liberties and of all the divorces—has forced its way even into the studios of the artists. That is what it means to be slaves of a prejudice and insisting on it so as to become an example of one or more virtues!

ITALIAN CRITICISMS: FAVORABLE

More satisfactory to our self-complacency are "La Vita's" adjectives, "sane" and "solid." "All along the walls we see many landscapes, which appear to have been studied with a quiet eye and reproduced with equilibrium of color. Even certain works reproducing impressions taken in very sentimental hours of the day or seasons of the year when nature assumes the peculiar aspect of an indefinable homesickness are rendered by the American artists with a manly and noble exuberance." Ours is essentially a manly art, declares "La Vita." "The American artists who figure in this exhibition are not nervous, exalted, or sick people, but individuals who know the hidden harmonies of certain meadows simply by the fact that they have walked through them. American painters use both brush and oar." Finally, the "Giornale d'Italia" would unite American and English art in the common characteristic of having no passion. This may be merited, as a rough and ready generalization. At all events, the discriminating "Giornale" adds as a solace:

On the other hand, there is a large feeling of domestic affection, of loyalty, of personal esteem, and of any other moral quality needed to express the power of the race itself. . . . This basis of Anglo-Saxon art has perhaps given a sense of uniformity to the school, but it has also given to it a unity of intention, of aspiration, and of good sense which is the essence of the race itself. . . . You have the feeling of respect imposed by respectable persons. It is an honest people producing honest art. It is a strong people producing a calm art. It is a people seeing its aim and knowing how to reach it. . . . It is the triumph of "good government," with all its material and moral benefits.

LITHIA TABLETS

The changing views of the medical faculty as the result of scientific investigation are well illustrated by the history of the use of lithia in medicine. A good many years ago a prominent physician in England made a series of careful experiments on selected young men in perfect health, and demonstrated that by the use of lithia the elimination of uric acid was greatly promoted. The experiments seemed conclusive, and at once the physicians of Great Britain began prescribing lithia for gout and rheumatism, and as soon as the publication of the experiments got into the medical journals of France and Germany the use of this substance became practically universal. But Dr. Emil Pfeiffer, a prominent physician at Wiesbaden, discovered, to his surprise, that the expected results did not materialize when he gave lithia to the many patients who had come to that city for the waters and for treatment. Not understanding why this was the case, he repeated the English experiments, but, instead of taking carefully selected subjects in perfect health, he chose a number from among his patients who were suffering from the uric acid diseases. To his surprise, he discovered that the results obtained in England were absolutely reversed at Wiesbaden; that lithia actually retarded the elimination of uric acid in gouty patients, and that its use to this extent was harmful rather than beneficial. After controlling his results in the careful German way, he published his conclusions. At once the medical faculty of Germany began to give up the prescription of lithia. The doctors of France followed, and after the translation of Dr. Pfeiffer's paper into English the more progressive and younger doctors of America and England gave it up, until its use in medicine has practically ceased. As a consequence, the wholesale price of lithium carbonate has fallen within the last few years from about two dollars to about sixty-five cents an ounce, and were it not for some new uses for this element which have been recently discovered it would probably disappear from the drug-stores and sooner or later from the pharmacopœia.

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HUMAN LIVES OR COMMERCIAL PROFITS?

The manufacture of parlor matches in this country exposes the workers in the match factories to the danger of incurring one of the most loathsome diseases known. The disease is phosphorus necrosis, colloquially known as "phossy jaw." Its cause lies in the fact that practically all parlor matches in this country are made with white phosphorus, a deadly poison. Sooner or later the health of the worker who comes into close contact with the fumes of the phosphorus is almost inevitably attacked by the disease, whose consequences are often death, but more often a life that is worse than death.

White phosphorus is used for making the heads of matches, not because it is the only suitable substance, but because it is a little cheaper than other substances. In almost every country of Europe the deadly form of phosphorus is not used because its use is forbidden by law. Only in the United States (and Russia), of the great nations of the world, is commercial greed permitted to expose men and women to this terrible danger.

A bill known as the Esch Bill is before Congress which would make this peculiarly vicious practice unprofitable by placing a prohibitive internal revenue tax upon the manufacture of white phosphorus matches. There is reason to believe that the more enlightened match manufacturers would be willing to see such legislation enacted. It is claimed, however, that now no one match manufacturer can give up the use of the poisonous preparation, because the added cost of the harmless methods would make it impossible for him to compete with his rivals.

The same bill was before Congress last year, but quietly died in a sub-committee. It is now before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, and, by an unusual procedure, has been referred, we are informed, to a secret sub-committee of that body.

No argument can be advanced for the continuance of the present conditions except that of commercial cupidity. Harmless methods of manufacture produce perfectly satisfactory matches, these methods are free and open to all since the Diamond Match Company last year canceled the patents which it owned upon one of these processes, and nothing but the fear of competition from less scrupulous rivals prevents any match concern from adopting them to-morrow. The method for putting an end to the practice proposed in the Esch Bill not only would be efficacious, but is a perfectly legitimate and proper use of the taxing power of the Federal Government.

The continuance of the present conditions is a sad disgrace to our American civilization. Every citizen who will do his part by bringing pressure to bear upon the Ways and Means Committee of the House and upon individual Representatives and Senators for the enactment of the Esch Bill will be performing a high public service.

THE PERSON FROM PORLOCK

The village of Porlock, as many Americans know, is one of the quaintest and most picturesque of Devonshire villages. The Ship Inn with its thatched roof, the Bank housed in an old-time cottage and draped with vines as if nature had made an investment in it, the long winding street, the Bristol Channel in the distance—these are the happy features of a bit of the older England dear to the American imagination. In the hunting season dogs and horses and gentlemen in red coats or less conspicuous hunting attire crowd the narrow streets in the early or late hours, and for visitors the old town is often astir with a kind of excitement to which Americans are strangers. It is not one of those ancient villages, set in deep repose, which one would choose for a period of silence and rest. The coaches are always coming and going from Minehead to Linton; the sound of the horn is in the air, and tourists go on with the most superb drive in England before them, or return with memories of yellow gorse and purple heather and misty headlands fronting quiet seas.

It was in the summer of 1797 that Coleridge was staying in a remote and lonely farm-house in search of health, and fell asleep in his chair, with a volume of Purchas's "Pilgrimage" in his hand, open at the description of the building by Khan Kubla of a palace with a stately garden spread about it. A profound sleep of three hours descended upon him, during which, he declared later, he composed not less than two or three hundred lines of verse—"if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort." On awakening, the poet had the completed poem clearly in his

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mind, and, instantly seizing pen and paper, wrote down the lines which fill two pages of moderate size in the various editions of his works. Then came the tragedy; for at the very moment when his pen was moving with the swift impulse of a vivid memory the poet was called out "by a person on business from Porlock," who detained him "above an hour," and when he returned to his table nothing survived of the marvelous dream save a vague and fading vision, and "Kubla Khan" will always remain one of the striking fragments which tease us with suggestion and surmise.

Every reader of English poetry knows the story, and wonders how much fact and how much fancy contribute to the history of the unfinished poem, and whether "Kubla Khan," like the monument on Calton Hill, which is one of the striking features of Edinburgh, does not gain its mysterious fascination largely from its incompleteness. Coleridge himself was such an example of incompleteness that one wonders whether, with the most serious intention, he could have completed "Kubla Khan" or "Christabel." It is idle to speculate on the possibilities of a nature as rich as Coleridge's and as defective in organization; and it must always be remembered that his contribution to his time was one of impulse and suggestion; that he stirred the depths of English thought as no systematic thinker of his time stirred them; and that in the history of the English mind, which is of far greater importance than the history of the completed works of any English thinker, he will long hold a first place. An eminent thinker of orderly mind has described a certain class of men as "half-thinkers," and said of them that they sometimes work more effectively in the field of thought than men of logical habit and thorough method.

Coleridge was a sower of seed—thoughts which had in them a germinating power; and this is the function of the half-thinker; the man who makes fertile the whole field of thought; who casts the seed in the furrows and leaves other men to reap the harvest. Herder was a noble example of this type of vitalizing and energizing thinker; and no one who knows the depth of his insight, and the fresh vision with which he surveyed the field of life, and the devotion and beauty of his nature, can stand in front of his statue in Weimar, beside the old church in which his inspiring voice was heard, without a feeling of reverence for a man of prophetic gifts. Ruskin was a man whose work was, on the surface, almost rigid in its elaboration and application of principles, but whose great service is now seen to be the freshness of feeling, the deep insight, and the moral enthusiasm he brought into the field of thought. Mr. Benson says: "Men who see and feel as he did are the hope of the human race, because they show that the moral temperature is slowly but surely rising, and that the generous and noble impulses of the conscience and the heart are on the increase."

For the half-thinker of this type is always clothed with the mantle of prophecy. In a dry and formal age, Herder saw how deeply rooted literature is in the very substance of life, and how profoundly it expresses and interprets the vital conditions under which it is produced. He discerned the immense spiritual and historic significance of the old popular ballads, folk-songs, and tales. For a thin and shallow conception of literature he substituted a conception so vital and fruitful that he inspired men of genius to break the bonds of conventionalism and speak once more in natural tones from the long-silent depths of the German nature. He saw, long before the law of development was formulated by scientific investigators, the unity of all forms of expression as the language of the spirit, the intimate and vital relation of art with soil, climate, historic conditions; in a word, with the spiritual and vital environment of the human spirit.

In a different field and from a different point of view, Joubert, of whom Matthew Arnold wrote with sympathetic insight, was a thinker who left no system, but who cast seed-thoughts into the field of thought with a lavish hand. He lacked the broad vision of Herder, for his gifts were more distinctively literary; but he touched no subject which did not gain light and suggestiveness from his clear, luminous intelligence. In the same class belongs Emerson, who was indifferent to system, whose methods were wholly individual, who taught no formal philosophy, but whose divinations of truth have enriched American thought for all time, and whose uncompromisingly spiritual attitude toward life is a lasting refutation of the charge that the air of the New World is too materialistic for the spread of the wings of the soul.

The prophetic genius is generally set in contrast with the ecclesiastical spirit; it is quite as definitely in contrast with the philo-

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sophical temper. It does not reason; it sees; and what one sees one does not stop to demonstrate. Logical processes are steps toward an end, but when a man is at the end the steps are as unnecessary as the scaffolding around a finished building. "There are other sound ways of knowing," writes a clear and thoroughly trained thinker, "besides the logical way." One of these ways is the way of direct sight, the way of the prophets. The "person on business from Porlock" does not believe in this way of knowing the world and understanding life. He insists on an approach so definite and solid that it can be surveyed and put down on the map; he is always a disturber of those dreams which are visions as well; but the dreams persist, and poetry and truth come into the world in all manner of ways which are disturbing to the hard-headed and formally logical who have done their best to make common sense synonymous with spiritual blindness.

TAXATION AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH

An editorial discussing the Papal doctrine of the temporal power which appeared in The Outlook of January 6 concluded with a paragraph which we here reprint:

> The history of the last forty years in Italy, as well as the spirit and attitude of such prelates as Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Hohenlohe, clearly indicates that the doctrine of ecclesiastico-political sovereignty is no longer an issue of any moment in the Catholic Church. It is by no means as live an issue in Rome as it is in Protestant England to-day. Americans, both Protestant and Catholic, may well fix their attention and interest upon the question of disestablishment in England, where Nonconformists and Catholics are taxed for the support of the Anglican Church, and the Anglican bishops, by virtue of their ecclesiastical office, exercise political authority. Discussion of this English political anachronism is much more practical and is likely to be much more useful than verbal conflicts over the theory of Papal political sovereignty—a doctrine which during the next half-century is likely to be stored away in the lumber-room of history along with the similar theocratic doctrines of the old New England Puritans.

Several correspondents have written to protest against our assertion that Nonconformists and Catholics in England are taxed for the support of the Anglican Church. In the language of one of these correspondents, a well-known Episcopal clergyman of Boston, the critics challenge the truth of the statement that anybody is taxed for the support of the Anglican Church, and call upon The Outlook to retract it or "to give the specific items in the Budget which justify it."

We did not assert that any of the rates or taxes which are levied in accordance with the British Budget are appropriated for Church uses, nor do we base our assertion upon the fact that many Nonconformists have very recently been imprisoned by the British Government for refusing to pay rates or taxes for the support of schools which these "passive resisters" believe are under ecclesiastical control. We referred to the tithes which now form in many instances a permanent tax upon landholders. We are quite well aware that some English statesmen and some Church historians have denied that these tithes are taxes, but we differ from their interpretation.

The Century Dictionary defines a tithe as "a contribution or tax for some public use, either voluntary or enforced." It further says: "Ecclesiastical tithes were always more or less oppressive and unequal in their incidence, and they have been generally abolished, except in Great Britain, where they are still maintained, mainly in the shape of commuted rent-charges upon the land."

The author of the article on tithes in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, a barrister and member of Christ Church College, Oxford, and therefore presumably a member of the Anglican Church, makes it clear that tithes were originally taxes enforced by the State "to be applied to the maintenance of the bishop and clergy, the poor, and the fabric of the Church." Some of our correspondents refer to the Commutation Acts under the apparent impression that those Acts have taken the element of taxation out of the collection of tithes. The author of the Britannica article, who is not criticising tithes but merely relating their ecclesiastical and political history, says: "The principle of the Tithe Commutation Acts is to make permanent and general the system which had been only partial or temporary (in most cases), and to substitute a corn rent (known as a tithe rent-charge) permanent in quality and payable in money." If this is not a tax, we do not understand the meaning of the word tax.

We hope we have now assured our correspondents that the assertion that Nonconformists and Catholics are taxed for the support of the Anglican Church was not made rashly or without authority. If they still think the evidence we have here presented is inadequate, we call one other witness. "The Guardian," a leading and influential Anglican

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Church paper in England, urges the abolition or mitigation of the collection of tithes. In a leading editorial in its issue for January 12, entitled "The Dead Hand in the Church," the following opinions on this question are expressed by "The Guardian:"

We print in our correspondence columns to-day several letters, each of which deals directly or indirectly with the evil influence upon the Church of what may fairly be described as the dead hand of feudalism. . . . Far be it from us or from any man of practical common sense to condemn that which is old merely by reason of its antiquity; but it stands to reason that financial methods which may have been the only methods possible in the twelfth century are hopelessly out of date and out of place in the twentieth. As our correspondent Mr. Lonsdale (a vicar of the Church of England) very truthfully observes, however carefully tithe may be explained, it "will always be popularly regarded as a sort of tax for the benefit of the clergy.". . . This kind of thing is not business, and the sooner we insist on the sweeping away of these archaic methods the better for the clergy, the better for the Church, and the better for the nation. With them would go into limbo many a misunderstanding, many a misrepresentation, many a cause of friction between men who ought to be able to work cordially together in the interests of the great causes of righteousness which it is the first duty of men and women to foster and uphold. The Church would be extricated from a false position which works her immensity of harm, since it hinders her work and clogs her feet whichever way she turns.

We ask for no better statement of the grounds upon which the collection of tithes by the civil government of England should be opposed than these ringing words from a journal whose loyalty to the Church of England has never been questioned.

The Anglican Church is a great spiritual body; its spiritual and ethical power should increase; but one way to increase this spiritual power is to make it as free of State affiliations and State control as is the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. The history of civilization shows, we think, that wherever the Church, Protestant or Roman Catholic, has defended manifest injustice (and taxation of all for the benefit of a few is now regarded, in the English-speaking world at any rate, as a manifest injustice) it has sooner or later weakened and sometimes even destroyed its moral and spiritual hold on the people.

We do not minimize the difficult problems, financial and political, which must be solved before the disestablishment of the English Church can be accomplished with justice to all. But the solution can never be reached if actual facts and conditions are allowed to be obscured by technicalities.

VIOLENCE AND DEMOCRACY

"Can you weave cloth with the bayonets of your militia, or spin with the clubs of your policemen?"

This is what a special correspondent in last week's Outlook, writing of the strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts, represents the strikers as asking. It is a question which the American people ought to ask of themselves. The first duty of a civilized people in times of turbulence is to restore order, and to that end it is sometimes necessary to use the bayonet of the militia and the club of the policeman; but we Americans have been too much inclined to think that the duty of a civilized people ended there. It is the business of government not merely to quell turbulence, but also to deal with that ill of which the turbulence is a symptom.

The story of the strike at Lawrence is the story, not of what is local and passing, but of what is widespread and continuing. It is a picture of industrial war. There is no section of the country where its battles have not been fought. On another page in this issue Mr. Woehlke gives facts that show this to be literally true.

We ask those who read Mr. Woehlke's article to think what such conditions as he describes mean in the light of democracy. We call our Government democratic; and so it is, substantially. So far as political power is concerned, every citizen in the United States is entitled to the equal protection of the laws, and has, on the whole, an equal chance with every other man.

But when we turn to the processes of industry, can we say that America is democratic? Has every man an equal chance with every other man? When the assertion is made that one rarely sees in any American city so many shivering men without overcoats as are to be seen in the cloth-producing town of Lawrence, a condition is indicated which is not peculiar to any one city, but is familiar to all those who live in industrial centers. If there were a strike in a shoe manufacturing city, one might note equally well the dramatic contrast in the number of barefoot children. Is there not something wrong in our industrial system itself, when thousands upon thousands among those who make the clothes of the Nation and produce

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the food of the Nation and help to supply the other wealth of the Nation are ill clad and on the edge of starvation? There is justice in the law, "Work or starve," but what justice is there in conditions that virtually say to thousands of workers, "Work and starve"?

In America political liberty has been established because in generations past there were men who were willing to sacrifice themselves to establish the principle that one class of people should not use the forces of government to exert power of life and death over the rest of the people. Industrial liberty will not be established until this power of life and death over men and women shall be taken from those who now exercise it through the forces of industry. It does not matter whether that power is exerted by an oligarchy that controls capital or by an oligarchy that controls, or endeavors to control, great bodies of organized labor. Industrial oligarchy is hateful and must be destroyed.

It is right that the people through their representatives should use the bayonets of the militia and the clubs of the policemen to restore order whenever disorder arises; but they will never settle the questions which give rise to disorder until they find some way of substituting for industrial oligarchy a prevailing industrial democracy.

A PHASE OF INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is always difficult to make men realize in practice what no human being denies in theory, namely, that there are two sides to almost every question, and that insistence upon the doing of his duty by one party to a transaction ought to be accompanied by insistence that the other party also shall do his duty. In industry, whether on a large scale or a small scale, there is always need of insisting that the obligations of employer and employee are mutual, and that each owes it not only to the other but to his own self-respect to see that the other receives full justice; and this not as a matter of kindness or charity, but as a matter of right and duty. Of course the harm arising from failure to take this attitude is more evident in large-scale than in small-scale industry, merely because of the greater wealth and the larger number of men involved. The other day Congressman Redfield, of Brooklyn, in the course of a conversation, gave a number of illustrations of what he had observed in actual practice on the part of employers who realized that it was not merely right but wise to make the business profitable to the workmen as well as to the capitalist; that is, to carry it along on terms which meant a raising of the standard of living, and incidentally of good citizenship, for all concerned. A number of the instances were drawn from his experiences with a certain Brooklyn manufacturer of steel forgings. I became so interested in the matter that I asked him to take me to visit the factory in question, which he accordingly did.

It is a factory employing about five hundred men. The founder, the man who introduced and practically applied the theories upon which the institution is run, is dead. It was his belief that the curve of efficiency, so to speak, is increased markedly by an increase in production up to a certain point, but decreases rapidly when that point has passed. In other words, he believed that it is an advantage from every standpoint to have combination and growth in size of plant up to a certain point, which may vary in different industries, but that beyond that point the advantage ceases save in exceptional cases, and even then obtains only during the lifetime of an exceptional man. Accordingly, he never threw the factory into any of the big combinations or trusts, and yet it has thriven and prospered.

Of course, unless it had prospered, unless there had been business ability at the head, and an adequate reward for this ability, there could have been no reward for any one lower down. But even more important than the prosperity in bulk has been the fact that it has been shared by all engaged in the work, although this method has not been achieved by what is known as profit-sharing.

All thoughtful and far-sighted citizens now recognize that our greatest problems of the present day are connected, not with the mere heaping up of material prosperity, but with its distribution. Yet it is urgently necessary for zealous reformers to keep in mind that the prosperity cannot be distributed unless it is actually there to distribute. Wisdom in securing a more equitable distribution will be wasted if it is an accompaniment of the folly that would prevent the

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accumulation which is the absolutely necessary prerequisite of the distribution.

In the factory in question, the founder and his successors proceeded upon the theory that in treating with workingmen there are certain fundamental rules to be observed. The first and most important is that a good wage is an absolute necessity, and that nothing else atones for an insufficient wage. The second is that it shall be understood clearly by both parties that this fair treatment is a matter of right and justice, not a matter of charity. In this factory the dealings between employer and employed are based upon the understanding that, as a matter of justice and expediency, wages are to be put and kept at the highest level that obtains in the business, and, if possible, at a little higher than obtains elsewhere; and that this does not represent a gift or an act of charitable magnanimity on the part of the employer, but is simply a wise recognition of justice and of common interest. The complement to this is that of course there must be high efficiency on the part of the employee. He must take a pride in doing the best possible work; then, as his right, he is to receive remuneration that corresponds to the work. For instance, much of the opposition among unions to piece-work has sprung from the fact that employers have endeavored to get a disproportionate share of the benefit that comes from the labor of the skilled man in piece-work by refusing to allow him to earn more than a certain specified amount for it. In this factory the piece-work rates are never cut because the men earn largely. They are paid in exactly the same proportion for the last additional piece as for the first. Seventy-five per cent of the men are union men, all of them in certain divisions being unionists, but as a matter of fact there has never been any difference in behavior or in treatment of either the union or the non-union men.

The theory of the management has been that it should be not only intelligent but sympathetic, that the wage-workers should understand and sympathize with the managers and the managers with the wage-workers. The attitude is neither patronizing nor arrogant on one side, neither cringing nor defiant on the other; it is based on the belief that self-respect and mutual respect taken together make the surest basis for common success in a common undertaking. Any attempt at betterment of conditions has come almost always not as a result of being imposed from above downwards, but as the result of a movement from the men themselves, a movement which has come from below upwards. The management has felt that it wished to work with a responsive force and not against it, and that, while it acted thus partly as a matter of principle, it did so mainly because it believed that it paid to be decent. The factory went from a ten-hour to a nine-hour day without any cutting of wages. It would now be willing to adopt an eight-hour day, and the men at the top think that such a day will ultimately come, but do not see how it can be adopted before it is general in the other firms engaged in the same business.

I could, of course, make no exhaustive study of the institution, but even in a short visit I could see a number of things worth seeing and pick up a lot of valuable information. It was the first factory of the kind in America to introduce baths and the best type of washing arrangements. The welfare and sanitary conditions are excellent. Every species of safety appliance has been installed, and there is a small hospital for the treatment of minor injuries, which in such a business are frequent. Major injuries are rare, and the management endeavors to see to the future of the man or of his family in such cases, while the men themselves have a mutual benefit association to which the company subscribes liberally. A genuine effort is made on the part of the company to get none but good men among its employees, and, once in, discharges are rare, and voluntary separation from the service by the men themselves is also rare, although of course occasionally a man finds that he can better himself elsewhere. The skilled workmen rarely leave save of their own volition, and they often return. The unskilled men are, as everywhere else, less stable and more apt to leave. I spoke with a number of the foremen and captains of tens and hundreds. In the large majority of cases they were men who had been through different grades within the mill, having served from ten to twenty or thirty years. One foreman, for instance, a small, spectacled man with an Irish name, had begun nearly thirty years before as a boy at $5 a week, and was now earning $50 a week. Another, a man with a Yankee name, was earning $32 or $33 a week, but by judicious investment in small bits of real estate had accumulated a handsome competence. These were but samples of the dozens with

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whom I spoke. Of the journeymen, some were working by the piece, others at day wages, largely as each preferred.

It is not possible in such a visit as I made to be sure that one has gotten at the essential facts. There certainly was no intention to impress me one way or the other about the conditions. The one request made to me was that I should not give the name of the factory, the desire being to avoid advertisement or seeming to pose as a model "uplift" institution. But there was obvious, on the part of everybody, genuine good feeling, genuine fellow-feeling, and pride in what had been done. It was also obvious that the institution had prospered steadily from the business standpoint, as a going concern. It had grown decade by decade, while the prosperity of the men had likewise increased. Such a thing as a strike had been practically unknown, and a general desire on the part of every one both to do and to receive justice was evident The men at the top obviously desired to get the workingmen to feel that their interests and those of the factory-owners were mutual by *making* them mutual. They felt that to secure the confidence and good will of the wage-workers was the most practical kind of "scientific management." The men with whom I talked evidently regarded the foremen and managers as desirous of being "fair," of being just and friendly—people to whom it would be safe to go in the event of getting into a difficulty.

Now, of course, in any case like this the individual equation is of prime consequence, and the conditions in any one industry may be such that the methods obtaining therein can be only partially paralleled in some other industry. But two things do seem evident. The first is that there must be wise legislation, as thoroughgoing as the conditions require, in order to force the employers who will not act decently up to the level of those who do act decently. The next is, what is even more important, that there shall be general recognition of the fact that the permanently successful business, which also contributes to the social and industrial well-being of this great Republic, must be conducted along lines of genuine sympathy and understanding among all those concerned therein. There must be full recognition by the public of the fact that no business can be permanently good for this country unless the wage-worker is paid a high wage and works under conditions favorable to his health and safety. On his part the wage-worker must, as a matter of justice and personal pride, do first-class work for that wage, and in his private character must be a good citizen—and so must the employer.

We hear much of the conflict between capital and labor, and often it seems to be assumed that this conflict is inevitable, and that capitalists and wage-workers must be considered primarily as belonging to different classes, each individual being judged only by the standard of his own class. This is a thoroughly false and unhealthy view. From the standpoint of the country, from the standpoint of good citizenship, the differences between employer and employee are of mighty small consequence compared with the need that each shall show that he possesses the great fundamental virtues. If both show that they do possess these great fundamental virtues, then from the standpoint of the Republic they are not in separate classes, they are in one class, in the one class whose existence is vital to the Republic, the class that contains, whether on the farm or in the workshop or in the counting-room, the decent, hard-working, intelligent, self-respecting citizens.

The President in a recent Message has recommended the creation by Congress of a commission to look into industrial conditions in this country. It is earnestly to be hoped that Republicans and Democrats, wise Progressives and wise Conservatives, will all alike back up his action. Such a commission could not but do good. If properly made up, it would approach the matter of industrial relations without prejudice as between employers' associations and labor unions. It would look at the matter from the point of view of the public interest, with concern to work for the prevention of unnecessary labor disputes, and for settling those that do arise on a just and permanent basis. Such a commission of wise, public-spirited, and well-informed citizens would look carefully and without prejudice into the existing grievances of labor, and would examine the means which are available for fighting them, and the plans which are being tried in this country or abroad for preventing and settling disputes. It would examine into the function and efficiency of State and Federal labor bureaus, and would report as to existing labor laws, so that we might know whether they are adequate and correspond to our present needs as a people. It would

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work along any line of profitable inquiry which might be suggested. Surely there is now a widespread and deep public interest in this vital subject, and an earnest desire to know whether our existing mechanism for preventing and settling labor disputes and for helping the cause of social justice as regards both employer and wage-worker cannot be improved. Undoubtedly the remedy must in large part be found in the action of the several States rather than in the Federal Government, and undoubtedly it must also in large part be found in voluntary arrangements between employers and employees, and in a higher general recognition of the need of justice and fair dealing. But only an inquiry by the Federal Government can be really authoritative and satisfactory, and can really cover all the different sides of the matter and throw full light upon all the puzzling, baffling, complicated, and vitally important questions involved.

THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE town of Lawrence, Massachusetts, is the largest American manufacturing center for the kind of woolens called worsteds. It is also a large cotton manufacturing center. The American Woolen Company employs about one-half of the town's twenty-five thousand operatives, and produces about an eighth of this country's total output of woolen and worsted goods. To name all the particular products of this and the other woolen mills at Lawrence would be to name most of the fabrics used as men's and women's wear in dress goods, clothing, and cloakings. There are other important mills at Lawrence: for instance, the Arlington Mills produce cotton and worsted yarns and dress goods; the Atlantic Mills produce shirtings and sheetings; the Everett Mills make ginghams; and the Pacific Mills comprise the largest cotton goods print works in the country.

The cause of the strike of operatives in the Lawrence mills is what the Massachusetts Legislature intended to be a humane act. The Legislature limited the hours of women's and minors' work in textile mills to fifty-four a week. But this limitation affected the men workers also. The employers have been paying the same scale of wages, so they aver, for fifty-six hours' work as they used to pay for fifty-eight and sixty hours. On account of dull business and unfavorable prospects the employers declared that, if hours were to be cut down to fifty-four, wages would be cut also. They were. Thus the law to benefit employees actually brought about a decrease in their earnings. Hence the strike.

The employers would not yield because they thought the employees' demand unfair. But the employers were also convinced that, if they granted the demand, there would be a strike throughout Massachusetts wherever the fifty-four-hour issue is involved.

The employees would not yield because they sympathize with the Boston "Herald's" (Ind.) statement:

> The public appears convinced that the textile workers have been inadequately paid, that their conditions of living are most discreditable, and that something must be done to better them.

As to conditions of living, a statement from the Lawrence manufacturers reads as follows:

> Some strike leaders at Lawrence attempt to fix upon the manufacturers the responsibility for certain living conditions in the city, where it is alleged that half a dozen people or more are crowded in a single tenement room. It should be borne in mind that the recent immigrants who are described as huddled together in one room in Lawrence work on the same wage scale as English-speaking employees who do not find it necessary to live in such a way. The city officials of Lawrence have denied that such living conditions were common, and have, furthermore, insisted that where many persons were living in one room it was due, not to actual need, but to the imported practice of subletting, which was indulged in even by persons who owned their own houses and wished to derive the greatest possible revenue from them.

The situation is complicated by the fact, according to the Chicago "Inter Ocean" (Rep.), that some mill-workers in Lawrence seem to prefer longer hours to less pay. "Of course they would not object to shorter hours with the same wages, but as between leisure and money they prefer the money." This newspaper, which is of the "stand-pat" type, continues:

> If everybody who buys cotton goods would pay a cent a yard more, or even a fraction of a cent, the problem would be solved. Or, if the

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cotton-growers would take a little less than the world market price, that would solve it. But we fear that neither the cotton-growers nor the consumers of cotton goods will come forward effectively to help out of their troubles the Massachusetts mill-owners and mill-workers, and the Massachusetts Legislature. The situation in Lawrence, and in the New England mill towns generally, is worthy of the careful and even prayerful study of a large number of well-meaning people who are all the time jingling and booming around the country, proclaiming that all that is needed to end any industrial or social condition that is distressing or displeasing is just more laws and more government.

Moreover, the situation is further complicated by certain social factors. A special correspondent of the New York "Journal of Commerce" (Ind.) describes several of these:

They [the operatives] labor under the handicap of not knowing the language that is common to those who are longer employed than they have been, and they find difficulty in accommodating themselves to the new living conditions about them.

The system under which corporation work is done is tending more and more to draw managers away from workers . . . and to center treatment of operatives on a machine basis rather than on the basis of manhood.

There has grown up in the community a tendency to measure the corporation as a money-making institution and not as a source of employment. If the corporation declares handsome dividends, and if the manager rides about the town in a costly automobile, the spirit of envy manifests itself in the operative. In the old days the passing of a mill manager in a fine carriage gave rise to pride rather than envy, and the manager in his turn was very careful to nod pleasantly to those whom he passed.

With all these economic and social conditions to face, the Governor of the State tried to end the strike. He began, the Boston "Journal" (Ind.) records, with an "amiable but extraordinary proposal" that the mill-owners should yield to the demand of the strikers. It counsels him as follows:

He should give his very best, though belated, efforts to bring about a conference of each manufacturer with his own men. Along that line there is the one chance of reasonable adjustment.

In any event, the Brooklyn (New York) "Eagle" (Ind. Dem.) declared:

Governor Foss is on trial. Civilization of the Old Bay State is on trial. We trust that both will be acquitted and vindicated.

But the Boston "Transcript" (Ind. Rep.) had to chronicle this fact:

Even the tentative proffer of it [peace] has been flouted by the irresponsible leader of an irresponsible and infuriated following. It is humiliating to the State that the Governor should have placed himself in a position to be scorned and insulted by a youthful hooligan who until a few days ago had never been heard of in this section. It is a Simon Tappertit defying the authority of a great commonwealth and disdaining to treat with its Executive.

The "Simon Tappertit," namely, Joseph Ettor, the strike leader—thus supposed to resemble the ridiculously conceited and pompous character in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge"—was finally arrested as an accessory to the murder, or accidental killing, of a striker who was shot during an outbreak. Ettor was thrown into prison without bail. The Topeka (Kansas) "Capital" (Rep.) thus defends Ettor:

Such injustices by the police authorities lead to popular contempt for government and law. Why not have arrested, rather, President Wood, of the American Woolen Company, as an accessory to the murder of a striker? He had as little and as much to do with it as Ettor. . . . The police authorities of States cannot sympathize with capital against labor without causing hatred of the government and law. The arrest of Ettor was evidently an arbitrary act. It is a clear case of outrageous capitalistic tyranny. The authorities, prejudiced against the workers, had been looking in vain for an excuse to arrest the leader of the employees. The excuse finally found—that he was accessory to the murder of one of his own followers—was so weak as to be ridiculous.

Another attitude is taken by the New York "Sun" (Ind.), which points out that Ettor's arrest was followed by the first sign of weakening on the part of the striking mill hands:

A little firmness of the kind that has put Ettor in jail, judiciously displayed at the beginning of the conflict, would have restricted it to an orderly and entirely legal demonstration. Unhappily, this firmness has been lacking, with the result that deluded workers have turned Lawrence into a battlefield. It is a distressing fact that municipal and State authorities in Massachusetts and elsewhere are usually anxious to postpone the final stroke in labor controversies, thereby prolonging disorder, but never escaping in the end the dreaded duty of enforcing the law.

The Philadelphia "Bulletin" (Ind.) comments in the same spirit:

So long as the Massachusetts authorities permit such seed to be sown, they must expect to reap the harvest of rioting. A few arrests, or a hundred for that matter, from among the mob is but temporizing with the danger that threatens the community. The conflagration of violence cannot be checked as long as the incendiary leaders are permitted to apply the torch without restraint.

The State militia was called out. Its introduction is thus justified by the New Bedford (Massachusetts) "Mercury" (Ind.):

It is evident that a majority of the mill operatives desire to continue at their work and are

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prevented through intimidation and fear, and the exercise of actual physical violence on the part of the strikers. It is the privilege of those who desire to remain away from the mills to do so. No one can compel them to work if it is not their pleasure. It is likewise the right of those who desire to work to be permitted to do so. If the police of Lawrence are not adequate to preserve the liberties of the people of that city, other resources should be invoked.

On the other hand, as there is no war in progress, martial law cannot be declared at Lawrence, declares the Boston "Globe" (Ind.), and adds that only a condition bordering on that of a revolution or a state of rebellion declared to exist by the Legislature would justify such a course.

The revolutionary Socialists, having seized upon the employers' action in lowering wages as an opportunity to incite the workers to rise against the mill-owners, have aggravated the situation by taking it out of the hands of the regular labor organizations, by a radical organization called the Industrial Workers of the World. A writer in the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) thus describes the ensuing tactics:

> The new leaders counseled destruction of machinery; a war against the employer class generally was agitated, rather than improvements of local conditions. There was no calm consideration. The mob spirit prevailed.

The Chicago "Daily Socialist" thus comments on the announcement by the commanders of the State militia that soldiers will no longer salute the American flags borne by the striking mill-workers:

> The American flag, in the minds of many people, represents many principles of liberty which are supposed to be predominant in this country but which are not really respected by those who officially control the American flag to-day. Socialists have contended that the American flag and all that it is supposed to stand for in the way of liberty and progress have fallen into the hands of its own enemies—that it is being used by the powers that be to secure submission to encroachment on the liberty of the people. . . . There is only one conclusion: it is the profits of the corporation, their power over the workers, that must be respected, not the flag. The flag is used only as a blind, only as a symbol of terror, something to overawe those who would protest against tyranny. It becomes under such conditions a symbol of autocratic power, the reverse of all the principles with which American sentiment has invested the red, white, and blue.
>
> The workingmen of Lawrence will probably not abandon the American flag because the soldiers refuse to salute them. On the contrary, the incident is likely to make them more devoted to it. They are likely to conclude that, so far as it stands for an expression of the principles of liberty and justice, the corporations and their publicly paid private guards have abandoned the flag to its rightful owners. . . . Some day the American flag will be the sole possession of the working class.

To those who would regard the Lawrence affair as the beginning of a universal Socialist strike the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) addresses these words:

> There is nothing antecedently or intrinsically absurd in the belief expressed by a Federal immigration inspector that the Lawrence strike, which he has been investigating for the Government, was intended to be only a part of a Nation-wide, if not a world-wide, strike in the textile trade, and thus, as the plotters hoped, the beginning of a social revolution. . . . There are reasons why America might be regarded as a particularly hopeful field. . . . The supposed sensitiveness of the local governments of this country, vote-getting considerations, the extreme character of Socialism in America, and the extent to which Socialist doctrines have been sympathetically taken up in dilettante fashion by many who should know better, have for some time caused European observers to regard the United States as the most hopeful field for Socialistic enterprises on a great scale.

What is the solution of the trouble? The Boston "Advertiser" (Rep.) thus pronounces:

> The strike should be declared off for the present under a working truce, which will allow the full and fair settlement of the dispute after the mills are running and the excitement has been fully allayed.

But what are the conditions of the truce to be? According to a statement by Mr. Marcus M. Marks in the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), the test of endurance between the mills and the operatives will establish nothing of value. The question "should be decided, not during the excitement and loss of strike, but by an impartial investigation by men selected from both the employers and the workers, as well as from the third class which is also affected by every great industrial disturbance, namely, the public." Mr. Marks, in the course of his statement, says:

> I strongly recommend the appointment by the Lawrence Citizens' Committee of an investigating committee, made up of the best citizens of Lawrence, judges, ministers, priests, bankers, storekeepers, and workingmen of character and reputation—men who are viewed with confidence by all classes. These men should issue a statement urging operators to return to work at once, assuring them protection and fair play. The request of such a tri-balanced committee would carry conviction with the public and could not be ignored by either the mill-owners or operatives.

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TERRORISM IN AMERICA

BY WALTER V. WOEHLKE

WHY do trade unions resort to violence, bloodshed, and destruction of property to win strikes?

What hardens the heart of the union man when he sees non-union workers assaulted, maimed, and even done to death?

Tailors are commonly supposed to be mild-mannered, inoffensive people of peaceable dispositions. Yet during the strike of the Chicago garment-workers the "entertainment committees" of the union habitually forced the non-union tailors to quit work by snapping the bones of their needle fingers with a short, sharp twist. In San Francisco non-union teamsters had their wrists broken by blows delivered with steel bars. In Coalinga, California, two men were beaten to death in a crowd of striking metal-workers. On State Street, in Chicago, a non-union teamster was dragged from his seat and trampled to death. Three striking machinists in Los Angeles, seated in an automobile, followed a strike-breaker when he boarded a car, attacked him with gas-pipes, and pounded him into a pulp. The victim did not leave the hospital for six months.

In two Southern States the militia had to be called out during the summer of 1911 to suppress the riots that marked the beginning of the shopmen's strike on the Illinois Central. At the locomotive works in Dunkirk, New York, a thousand men battled with the officers of the law for the possession of six strike-breakers in December last year. New York, Newark, and Philadelphia still retain vivid memories of the express-drivers', the garbage-collectors', the street car strikes. Violence during strikes seems to have become an established institution, a practice so orthodox that employers hasten to build stockades around their plants, to lay in a supply of cots, rifles, and food, as soon as the preliminary rumble of a threatened walkout becomes audible.

Why does union labor so generally and persistently resort to violence?

The answer is simple. Violence has been effective—for a time. It has often brought immediate results. It seemed to accomplish the purpose when other means failed.

While the Stock Exchange Building in Chicago was in course of construction all the trades employed in the building were called out. For a week the strike was successful. Work on the buildings ceased so long as the strike-breakers could be assaulted on the way to and from the place of employment, until the contractor erected a high, strong fence around the structure, fitted up sleeping quarters, and resumed operations, the strike-breakers eating and sleeping in the stockade. They were safe.

During the third week of the struggle a member of the strike committee happened to meet one of the cooks working in the stockade.

"Want to make two hundred dollars?" the striker asked the white-aproned one.

The cook was ready.

"Wait here five minutes. I'll get the money."

The striker came back with two hundred dollars and a bottle.

"You pour this stuff into the soup, and make your getaway," he commanded. "It won't kill a soul, but it'll drive the rats from cover. It's croton oil."

The cook accepted the money, and promised to do the job that very noon. Long before the whistles blew, La Salle and Washington Streets around the new buildings were black with expectant strikers. They were waiting for the prey. It came. Yelling and groaning, panic-stricken, the strike-breakers rushed from the building immediately after the soup was served—rushed into the arms of the strikers, who spared them not.

A few days later the contractor yielded to the demands of the strikers. Upon the books of the union there probably appeared an item like this:

"For medicines and insect powder, $200."

Potential violence, the knowledge that unions do not hesitate to use the bludgeon, often is sufficient to deter the non-member from seeking or staying at work. With one exception, the strike of the metal-workers was not marked by violence in Los Angeles, but nevertheless many old employees in various shops considered it better for their health to leave the city for a while.

A strike depends for its success upon the employer's inability to procure sufficient help to carry on his business. Only a few of all the trades are so highly organized that a cessation of work by the union members

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will, without other efforts, force a shut-down of the plant, and these strong organizations invariably comprise within their ranks the most intelligent and the best paid of the workers. Even in these thoroughly unionized trades, such as the printers working in newspaper plants, the engine and train men of the railways, the cigarmakers, and a few others, the percentage of non-members is sufficiently large, as a rule, to break any isolated strike. Despite its power, wealth, and numbers, the Typographical Union, for instance, has been unable to unionize the plant of the Los Angeles "Times" after a struggle lasting more than twenty years, in which fifty thousand dollars was spent, and in which half a million letters at one time were showered upon a patent-medicine firm in an effort to cause it to withdraw its advertising from the columns of the Otis paper.

If the members of the highly skilled, well-organized, well-paid crafts often fail to carry their point, conditions adverse to the success of strikes are many times worse in those trades that require less skill, less training and intelligence. Unless they are directed against small, weak concerns, strikes by these trades, if conducted without violence and intimidation, in almost every case are ineffective.

"How long would it take you to break a strike if every one of your motormen and conductors walked out, if you could obtain no experienced men anywhere else, but were in no way molested by the strikers?" the writer asked the manager of half a dozen electric systems.

"Conductors and motormen do not require a long period of apprenticeship to become fairly competent," replied the street railway man. "It usually takes two or three weeks to break them in. At a pinch, we could whip raw recruits into shape within ten days."

Practically every street car company in the country has hundreds of applications for positions on its files. So far as the supply of labor and its training are concerned, no car strike would last more than ten days, provided the strikers would refrain absolutely from illegal means, from assaulting the strike-breakers, from interfering with the operation of the cars. It would be impossible for any carmen's union to win a peaceful strike against the company's determined opposition. Perhaps this explains the riots and assaults that have been features of every street car walkout. It may also shed light upon the attitude of the street car officials who hire professional strike-breakers, men who would rather fight than work, who will hit and shoot upon the slightest provocation, and often without it. Professional strike-breakers, a new feature of American industrial life, constitute the employer's answer to labor's violent methods. Between them, caught in the cross-fire, the public suffers until peace is restored.

Rioting, systematic violence, the maiming and killing of men, the cutting of harness, the smashing of vehicles—these things have been part of nearly every teamsters' strike. One of the very worst of these battles occurred in Chicago when the union teamsters were called out to assist fifteen discharged garment-workers to regain their positions. The strike wrecked the union of the teamsters after it had run its bloody course. It was charged that graft had been its cause, that an official of the union had been paid by designing business men to call out his followers in order to advance the bribers' selfish ends.

Few of the teamsters' strikes would have been won by the workers had the employers been able to send out non-union drivers without fear of injury to person or property, for surplus labor of the type suited to the work of handling the reins and lifting heavy freight is always available. The fate of the Los Angeles Teamsters' Union will illustrate the course of a strike without violence.

Early in 1907 the Los Angeles teamsters, their union working under a closed-shop agreement with the principal trucking firms, prepared to demand an increase in wages of twenty-five cents a day, with an increase of fifty cents for all men who had been in the employ of one firm for six months or more. During prior negotiations the employers had insisted that their trucking rates were too low to admit of higher labor cost. In May the trucking firms raised the hauling rates paid by the public, gave the teamsters a flat increase of twenty-five cents a day, and declared the open shop, thereby abrogating their agreements with the union. A strike followed immediately.

The nature of his occupation, the struggle with dumb brutes, the necessity of defending his place in line, the ceaseless clashes with shipping clerks over breakage claims—these factors make the teamster a willing fighter. The Los Angeles draymen, knowing the tactics of striking teamsters in other cities, feared violence and damage to their property. Having this fear, they sent out their wagons

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with a deputy sheriff on the seat beside the driver, and the police reserves ready for the riot call. But the expected did not materialize. There was no rioting. Not that the itching desire to lay hands upon the "scabs" was lacking among the strikers. "We had to plead with them by the hour, almost choke them, to keep them away from the strike-breakers," said a former union official. The leaders won. With the exception of a sporadic fight or two, there was no violence, no bloodshed, no destruction of property.

And the union lost the fight—lost it in a week. Its membership dwindled from four hundred and fifty to thirty-five. Its power was broken. The open shop became a fact; it is yet.

Beating and intimidating "scabs," "rats," "snakes," "scalies"—these terms denote the rancor with which union men regard the workers beyond the pale of the organization—constituted the first step on the path of violence, in the history of the labor movement. Usually it was taken by individual union workers when strikes and whisky had kindled red passion. Out of it grew the systematic persecution of strike-breakers by special "entertainment committees." As even this system was effective only temporarily, another step downward was taken. From the persecution of non-members the unions turned their attention upon the property of the employers. As a logical sequence of systematized slugging, organized dynamiting was adopted as a more effective method by the officials of the Structural Iron-Workers.

The International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers was organized in 1896. Its career was turbulent. Strikes, riots, and assaults marked its course. Considering the character of the iron-workers, especially of the outside men engaged in the erection of bridges and sky-scrapers, refined methods were not to be expected. These men are the Ishmaelites among mechanics—roving, restless, reckless. They live in bunk cars and shanties by the side of the rivers across which they throw bridges; from city to city they drift, homeless wanderers without kin or kith, rough men who risk their lives every day they go to work. To these men the union was a haven of refuge, its headquarters a place where they could find employment and their kindred.

Slowly, very slowly, the organizations grew. Wherever the locals prospered, there the employers concentrated their attacks, maintained spies in the ranks and among the leaders, offered wages beyond the union scale to entice members away from the organization, all in accordance with the accepted tactics in labor disputes. Often the iron-workers would make great gains; as often the union would lose the advantage. The hopelessness of the task, the inability of the organizers to hold on to their gains, only added to the bitterness of the struggle.

Six years ago there was a change in the management of the Iron-Workers' Association. J. J. McNamara, considered a "resourceful man" by the members, was placed in nearly autocratic charge of the Association's destiny. Soon after his accession to power the long series of dynamite explosions began. Dynamite seemed to answer the purpose better than assaults upon non-union men.

Many of these firms were operating extensively on borrowed capital. Suppose one of them had, with the aid of other people's money, nearly completed a bridge with non-union workers. The manager, despite open or covert threats, had steadfastly declined to employ union men. An explosion occurred. In a second the heavy girders were twisted into scrap iron. Large loss was inflicted upon the firm. Before it undertook its next job, the bankers who advanced the money, men who were not directly interested in the feud, brought pressure to bear upon the contractor. They wanted to insure their money against dynamite. The contractor yielded. His shop was unionized. His bridges and structures were granted immunity from attack. In the language of both factions, he was given the "protection of the union."

Though the National Erectors' Association was formed to hold the weaker members in line and oppose the union's explosive spread, though firms employing non-union labor were promised compensation for losses that might be inflicted by dynamite, the Iron-Workers' Association under McNamara forged ahead. During the last four years, while systematic dynamiting was extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the organization grew as it had never grown before. In this period its influence increased until nearly seventy-five per cent of the craftsmen employed in the erection of steel structures became members of the union.

Observe the inevitable consequences. As the "entertainment committee" grew out of individual assaults, as systematic destruction of the enemy's property grew out of organized

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slugging, so murder had to grow out of an atmosphere charged with the fumes of nitroglycerine. It did. The dynamite disease spread. Officials of unions not connected with the Iron-Workers "borrowed" McNamara's experienced dynamiters, according to those who gathered the evidence against the conspirators.

One important fact was overlooked by those union leaders and union men addicted to the nitroglycerine and gas-pipe habit; they failed to realize that violence, if effective at all, can be effective but *temporarily*. They also failed to realize that one set of crimes invariably breeds other and greater crimes, until in the end the load of the guilt will, through the power of public sentiment, destroy the efficiency of the organization for whose benefit the crimes were ostensibly committed. The rise and fall of the Western Federation of Miners should have been an object-lesson to the Iron-Workers.

In the heyday of its power the Western Federation held the Cœur d'Alene district in the hollow of its hand. It ruled in the Idaho panhandle as autocratically as the Czar rules in Russia, and by the same means. The union miners made the law for all classes, for all men, in the mining towns. They brooked no interference, no criticism. Those opposed to their dicta had to leave or suffer the consequences. With dynamite and bullet they enforced their rule, carried out their mandates. With rifle and bayonet and bull-pen, by measures as lawless as the miners', the Federation's reign was overthrown. It was smashed completely when public sentiment, aroused by the revelations of the Haywood trial, turned against the organization. To-day the power of the Western Federation of Miners, composed largely of native Americans, is at low ebb, while the United Mine-Workers of America, an essentially peaceful organization containing a large percentage of illiterate foreigners, has reached the zenith of its career under the conservative leadership of John Mitchell, and in the United Mine-Workers the radical element is making a determined attempt to wrest control from the conservative leader.

Ninety per cent of the union leaders are fully aware of the criminal acts committed; ninety per cent either take an active part in organized violence or give it at least a tacit, perhaps unwilling, acquiescence—according to the estimate of a man in the very heart of the labor movement. But how about the great mass of the men who toil with their hands? What about the attitude of the rank and file? Does the man who collects your fare and mine, does the driver who delivers your packages, does the man who, peacefully smoking his pipe, builds your house—do all these men participate in the violence? Do they know? Do they approve?

No, emphatically no; they do not approve of murder by dynamite. They are sound at the core; but the ferocity of the feud has left its mark upon them and their ways of thinking. It would be flying in the face of the facts to place the responsibility for all the violence *exclusively* upon the shoulders of the union officials. Though the refinement of violence, systemized dynamiting and slugging, may be traced to a few leaders, many union officials often exert their influence to keep their flock within the bounds of the law. When the strike of the shopmen on the Harriman lines began, those who walked out on the California divisions were cautioned by the executive committees against the use of violence. They were threatened with the withdrawal of all strike benefits for such common offenses as applying the epithet "scab" to a strike-breaker. Thanks to the wise counsel of these local leaders, and to the attitude of the conservative element, this strike has been peaceful in the West.

A year and a half ago a non-union machinist, during a strike in Los Angeles, was assaulted by three union men and brutally beaten. The assailants were caught, tried, convicted despite the aid of able counsel, and sentenced, one to the penitentiary, two to serve terms in jail. The case was aired in the newspapers for weeks. When the recent municipal campaign began, one of the convicted assailants was nominated for the City Council by the Socialist-Union Labor coalition. There are seventeen thousand union members in Los Angeles. The candidate convicted of assault received the full strength of the union vote at the primary. At the final election nearly thirty thousand votes were cast for him. Does this unanimous vote of the highly intelligent union workers of Los Angeles indicate that they approve of their representatives' gas-pipe tactics, or does it show that the leaders made thirty thousand men and women believe in the success of an alleged plot to convict an innocent man of crime because he was prominent in the union?

Haywood was acquitted of complicity in

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the murder of Steunenberg, but the exposures of the Boisé trial practically wrecked his organization. Despite these exposures Haywood received seventeen thousand votes when he was a candidate for the Governorship of Colorado.

Is it reasonable to surmise that the fifteen thousand members of the Iron-Workers' Association knew nothing of the purpose of the hundred-odd explosions which wrecked the structures of their adversaries only? If a non-union firm, after a costly explosion, gave in to the Iron-Workers' Association and was granted the "protection of the union," is it unreasonable to assume that the workers at least had an inkling of the dynamiters' purpose and probable connection? Of course they had no knowledge that would render them criminally liable for the lawless acts, nor did they even suspect their officers of complicity in the "Times" murder. J. E. Timmons, Pacific Coast organizer of the iron-workers, a six-footer endowed with remarkable physical strength, broke down and cried like a child for hours after he heard of his chief's plea of guilty. Nevertheless, there must have been very few members of the organization, considering the extent and frequency of the dynamitings, who were absolutely ignorant of the culprits' probable identity, who had no grounds to suspect the Indianapolis officers of complicity. Was it in spite of or because of the numerous explosions that damaged the property of their enemies that the iron-workers year after year returned their "resourceful" officers to power?

In this condition, in forcing large bodies of men, by appealing to their self-interest, to become silent, passive partners in crimes that seem to benefit them, lies the greatest guilt, the heaviest responsibility, of those union leaders who believed that illegal means were justified by the end to be attained. By appealing to the self-interest of untutored men the lawless leaders hardened the moral fiber of their adherents, calloused their consciences, surrounded criminal acts with the halo of pseudo-justification.

Brute force was pitched against brute force, both in the Cœur d'Alenes and in the Colorado mining districts. In Chicago, where the Haymarket bomb was followed by an exodus of panicky employers and by a reduction of the working hours from ten to nine, the quality of union leadership has been at low ebb for many years. Political bosses hobnobbed with the union bosses. Violence was winked at if the sluggers had political protection, so it is charged. "Skinny" Madden of the Steamfitters, Shea of the Teamsters, these were some samples of Chicago's labor leaders. To-day several of the Chicago labor organizations are torn by internecine feuds, by jurisdictional quarrels of rival unions in the same trades, quarrels that have led to bloodshed and murder in unionism's own ranks.

As in politics, so in trade-unionism the strongest factors making for permanent progress are wise leadership and growth of intelligence among those led. When Shea's grip upon the International Teamsters' Union was broken, he left the organization disrupted, impoverished. Under the conservative régime of Tobin, the new President, it has gained in members, in money, and in influence, by restraining the hotheads rather than by spurring them on. Under the new order of things no local union, feeling its oats, can call a strike without the sanction of the International officers, and the strike order must be in the hands of those officers at least thirty days before it becomes effective, to allow time for cool deliberation.

Under the presidency of G. W. Perkins the cigarmakers have had and have made little trouble, largely because the International officers, instead of placing their reliance in strikes and violence, spent the organization's money and efforts in urging union labor and the public, by advertising and by lectures, to buy only cigars with the union label, a policy likewise adopted by the shoe-workers. The printers, essentially a law-abiding, highly intelligent class of men, have gained little by violent and much by peaceful methods. The railway engineers, the conductors, the firemen, and the brakemen have not struck for many years, though frequently strong pressure was brought to bear upon them to break their contracts and walk out in sympathy with other crafts. They are the best-paid, perhaps the most ably directed body of workers in the world, and they have not used violence for two decades.

But the radical, the hot-headed, the violent element in the labor movement is making the greatest noise, and it seems to be gaining in strength and in numbers. How can it be curbed? How can lawless violence be reduced to a minimum? Can and will the trade unions do the cleansing without assistance?

Of all the points in dispute between organized labor and the employers, none has created

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more bitterness, more violence, more rancorous recrimination than the fight for the "open shop." The "open shop" is popularly supposed to be a place of employment in which union and non-union men work side by side on equal terms. If this definition is accepted as correct, then the open shop is largely a myth. In the American industries a place of employment where no discrimination of any kind is practiced against either union or non-union wage-earners is exceedingly rare. It is the exception. Union labor at all times everywhere is endeavoring to "close the shop" against non-members. Wages and hours, though they are the ultimate aims, take second place when the principle of the closed shop is in danger. Recognition of the union, the preliminary step leading to the closed shop, is the rock which usually wrecks the efforts of the mediators before or during strikes.

Union labor is openly and perpetually insisting upon the closed shop. Employers, realizing that toleration of union men in their establishments will ultimately lead to the closed shop, are as a rule equally insistent in barring out members of labor organizations. For some years no molder could go to work in any Los Angeles foundry unless he made an affidavit before the secretary of the Foundrymen's Association to the effect that he was not affiliated with any labor organization. It was frankly admitted to the writer by the managers of several enterprises, employing a total of five thousand men, that they would not hire union men, though nominally their establishments were "open shops." The American Tobacco Company, the American Smelting and Refining Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the American Bridge Company, the National Erectors' Association—in fact, nearly all of the large industrial corporations that strive for the "closed shop" at the selling end of their business—have been weeding out union workers wherever they could find them. Thousands of small employers just as bitterly ferret out the men who might form the nucleus of a union in their plants. Often they are justified in their bitterness. Said a small manufacturer whose pay-roll comprises about five hundred names:

"The other day I put a new man on a big power cutting machine that shears through heavy iron plates. The man *swore* that he did not belong to a union. He had been in the shop only a few hours when he inserted a large steel bolt between the jaws of the expensive machine just as they were coming down, and ruined the mechanism. We traced him right to union headquarters. I could fill a couple of pages with similar instances."

Does this damaging of property differ from the crimes of the McNamaras in any manner except in degree?

Black hatred is engendered by the relentless, unceasing struggle to unionize or disunionize the industries. The atmosphere of shops, factories, labor headquarters, and employers' offices is charged with it. Terrorism and murder are growing out of it. It forebodes evil unless the third party to the dispute, the hitherto indifferent public, which always pays the cost of every feud, steps in and asserts its rights.

Criminal acts in defense of the "closed shop" have not been confined to trade unions and trusts. Consider the case of the Kentucky Night Riders. Perhaps their brief career will help to shed light upon one of the most important factors that cause violence in industrial disputes.

Before the advent of the American Tobacco Company some eighteen independent manufacturers of chewing and smoking tobacco operated in Louisville alone. Liggett & Myers, Drummond, and the National Tobacco Works were among the largest. These eighteen firms, with scores of other concerns from different parts of the country, sent their buyers into the Burley tobacco region to bid against each other for the supply of raw material. When the Tobacco Trust appeared in the field and graduallyacquired control over eighty-five per cent of the country's tobacco trade, the competing buyers of the raw material vanished. Instead, the Trust announced that it would pay certain arbitrary prices for the various grades. Outside of the combine's factories there was practically no other market for the grower's product. He had to take what the Trust offered or smoke his own tobacco.

A slight reduction in the buying price did not appease the Trust. For the leaf that had cost the National Tobacco Works an average of twenty cents a pound the Trust offered ten cents. Lugs and low-leaf, the cheapest grade, which had brought seven and eight cents a pound in the competitive market, were cut down to four cents by the monopoly. A general reduction of approximately fifty per cent was the lot of the grower through the monopolistic activities of the illegal combine.

Nor was the Trust satisfied with squeezing

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the producer. It squeezed the consumer as well. It raised the jobbing price of the National concern's leading brand from fifty-two to sixty-two cents a pound, though the independent owners of the factory had been able to make regular dividends of twenty-five per cent at the lower prices. It cut down the size of the packages. Even more. Through a reduction of the Internal Revenue tax from ten to six cents a pound the Trust added four cents more to its profits per pound. Without considering the decreased selling expenses—more than a thousand salesmen traveling out of Louisville alone were discharged by the American Tobacco Company—the Trust increased its profits on this particular brand over those made under independent ownership by at least fourteen cents a pound. And in the face of these vastly increased profits it cut in half the price paid the producer of the raw material. Also the Trust ruthlessly stamped out the tobacco-workers' organizations in its factories.

At the new price the farmers could not make a living. The Trust's offer in many instances failed to cover the cost of production. So the farmers organized for mutual protection. In order to reduce the surplus of tobacco and create an artificial shortage, as unions create an artificial labor shortage in strikes, the members of the organization agreed to plant only half the usual acreage. But human nature asserted itself. There were many farmers who, seeing the others live up to the agreement, proposed to take selfish advantage of the impending shortage by planting more tobacco than they had done before. Upon them descended at night masked men on horseback, determined men who, brooking no interference, destroyed the seed-beds of the faithless ones. When this measure failed to shorten the supply and raise the price of the raw material, the farmers pooled their crop and refused to sell except for what they considered a fair rate. There were farmers within and without the organization who listened to the lures of the Trust, who would not make common cause with their fellows, who eagerly accepted higher prices for their crop than those fixed by the organization, thus enabling the monopoly to get along without the pooled stock. So it came about that the members of the ineffective pool became incendiaries, criminals who rode about the countryside in the dark of the night applying the torch to the barns of the non-union man, setting fire to the warehouses of the Trust, intimidating those who would not fall in line and maintain the "closed shop" against the common enemy. Crime, feeding upon itself, waxed strong on the diet. Private grievances were settled under the cloak of impersonal wrath. Murder grew out of arson. The militia was sent into the districts affected by the Night Riders' reign of terror, but, public sentiment supporting the cause of the raiders, its presence did not end the depredations until the Tobacco Trust reluctantly yielded and raised its prices, but not to the old level.

Who was to blame for this sudden overthrow of moral standards in entire communities? If the Trust had not arbitrarily cut the tobacco price in half, the farmers would not have become incendiaries. Should, therefore, all the responsibility for this debauching of hitherto honest, law-abiding rural citizens be placed upon the shoulders of the American Tobacco Company, which, by its own confession, broke the law in order to oppress both producer and consumer? Or should not the third party, the public, be charged with a share of the guilt?

In the hearts of those iron-workers with whom the writer discussed the McNamaras and their crimes there was bitterness against the National Erectors' Association, but it was as vinegar is to carbolic acid compared to the fiery wrath with which these men regard the United States Steel Corporation. They maintain that the Steel Trust, itself charged with illegal acts, accused of unlawfully restraining trade, of artificially maintaining the high price of its products, has persistently combated and attacked trade unions in all its plants, has used its strength to grind the workers into the dust, and is now engaged, through the medium of the Erectors, in destroying the last labor organization within the steel industry.

Not so very long ago conditions in the transportation business were as chaotic as industrial conditions are to-day. The carriers could do, and did, as they pleased, regardless of the dozing statutes. Among them there was cutthroat competition. To counteract the effects of this competition, to keep expenses down, they fought the organizations of their employees, and the employees answered with violence. At the hands of the carriers the small shipper suffered by discrimination, but the small shipper did not use dynamite. Instead, he went out upon the highways to arouse public opinion. And

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public opinion came to his aid, public opinion curbed the power of the carriers, effected lasting improvements.

Enlightened public opinion calmly exercised brought about a revolution in the social relations of the common carriers. Public opinion must perform the same service for the improvement of the industrial chaos. Already this powerful agency, focused and clarified by long-continued publicity, by the constant revelations concerning organized capital's harmful acts and their consequences, is busily strengthening the fence, laying the foundation for new safeguards against the oppressive use of the money power. So strong has this pressure of public opinion become during the last few years that even Judge Gary, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Steel Trust, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee, admitted the necessity and desirability of public regulation of industrial corporations, even to the extent of determining the selling price of the product.

But no effective public sentiment has been directed against the excesses of the feud between organized employers and organized labor. Hitherto the thought of the supposedly neutral party, swayed by the colored reports emanating from the organs and leaders of both factions, has been too partisan—so partisan that it increased rather than diminished the bitterness. In Pueblo, Colorado, for instance, where the Guggenheims' Smelter Trust and the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company have successfully driven organized labor out of their plants, public sentiment, influenced by the organs of the corporations, is strongly anti-union. During a strike of the waiters' union the proprietor of a restaurant shot and killed a picket. A second bullet disabled the policeman who tried to arrest the murderer. Picketing was not prohibited in Pueblo. The restaurant-owner could not plead self-defense, as the victim was shot through the back. But the anti-union feeling was so strong that the murderer, after testifying, without corroboration, that the picket had insulted his mother, was acquitted.

Abuse and denunciation by the union-hating papers, especially when these same publications championed the cause of the lawbreaking corporations, only fanned the flames of the feud and disgusted the public. When papers of this character presented *facts* concerning union methods, the presentation lost its force because of the evident bias. The public could not and would not place reliance in the words of the union-baiters among the employers. On the other hand, the sins of the fanatical labor press and labor leaders were just as great. They likewise presented but one side of the case and distorted facts to bolster up their arguments. Union leaders with premeditation attempted to mislead public sentiment.

Among the lesser lights of violent trade-union officials this willingness to deceive the public is likewise to be found. The systematized assaulting of non-union men in the Chicago labor troubles was usually performed by members of those crafts not involved in the struggle at all. If caught, the assailants could prove that they were in no wise connected with the strikers, thus deceiving the public and clouding the sources of criminal violence.

Hitherto there has been little opportunity for the creation of an intelligent public sentiment on the problem of union-labor violence. Rank fanaticism, often tinged with hypocrisy, was in control of the hot-headed element on either side, the element that was most vociferous. As the mass of those only indirectly involved in the feud were kept ill informed and almost indifferent unless some especially sensational event aroused short-lived, desultory discussion, the formulation of an effective public opinion has made small progress.

By the lightning-stroke of the McNamara confession the murky atmosphere has been cleared, at least on the union side. Once more, as in the case of the Western miners' chiefs, it has been demonstrated that dynamite, efficient perhaps for a time, in the end blows up the organization that uses it. But this demonstration will not be complete until all the evidence in the case has been placed before the public, until every man who, with a knowledge of the facts, deceived his adherents and the public has been fully exposed, until every thread of the tangled plot has been pulled out and held up to view.

Labor is in a mood to clean house, according to the observation of the writer. Disgust, suspicion of the fanatical leaders' and organs' motives, a longing for methods better than criminal violence, have grown up in the minds of the perplexed union workers since the McNamara confession. It depends upon the employers and the public whether this mood shall be translated into action or pass away unheeded. Among the employers

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there are many who, while fighting the organization of their workers with all their power, recognize the justice of the toiler's demand for a living wage, for shorter hours, and for conditions that will protect his health and vigor. They deplore the malevolent union-baiting tactics of *their* leaders. Many of these employers are willing to make concessions; they are anxious to improve the lot of their workingmen, provided their competitors do likewise. Individually, they are as much subject to economic pressure as the men and women in their shops and factories; as individuals they can accomplish little. But the good will is there.

Both the earnest worker and the fair-minded employer are looking to the third party, the commonwealth, for aid and comfort. Both are hoping that something will be done to remove the evil of "direct action" from American industrial life. Will the public respond?

In the curbing of the railways public opinion showed its tremendous power. If an intelligent public sentiment, with a clear understanding of the fundamental issues, is directed against the abuses growing out of rampant individualism in the industries, the problem of the dynamiters, of union violence, will advance far toward its ultimate solution.

THE SAINTS IN MY KITCHEN

BY ANTOINETTE B. HERVEY

I WAS born, not with a gold spoon, but with a gold servant, in my mouth. During the twenty-three years I have kept house the maids who have used my home as a halting-place on the highroad to matrimony have left pleasant memories. If it were the custom for grateful housemothers to erect tablets in kitchen and nursery to their good and faithful servants, there would now be some six or seven of these on my walls with enviable inscriptions. Instead of erecting tablets, I am in this article satisfying my sense of justice and incidentally offering a contribution to the literature of the servant problem.

Compared with my mother's record of one servant for sixty years, my own tale of seven servants, not counting a few who were not servants but just employees, in a little over one-third of the time, seems discreditable. As to that I must leave the reader to judge after hearing the facts.

The mortality of my maids is due, as I have hinted above, to the "complaint" of matrimony. If old Molly, whose protruding front teeth we children used to imitate behind our geographies in the old academy, had been marriageable—but she was not. Suitors potential in my mother's kitchen were plentiful enough, but, far from stopping, like the flier in the story, they did not even "hesitate," as, in successive generations, they speeded past the protruding teeth of our Molly's youth, maturity, and age.

If Molly had been marriageable, she might conceivably have married, and then my mother might have had another servant, and another, and yet another. But Molly's being so out of it makes my mother's record out of it too, so far as I am concerned. I am in a different class; my servants have all been marriageable.

And they married, too, and that right early—too early for my comfort and satisfaction. And, to cap all, they have held me, to a certain extent, responsible for it!

"Every girl who lives with yous will want to get married. It seems so nice."

Thus Lizzie announced her engagement to a man and canceled her engagement with me. Other girls have borne like testimony. I have not been willing to try seriously to discourage them by setting forth the awful chances of the matrimonial lottery. Nor have I, with the practical assurance that the happier I seemed with my husband the sooner I should experience the pangs of prematurely parting with my maid, been willing to seem less happy than I was, in the hope of being more happy than I seemed likely to be. So maid after maid got married. As I had to teach even the best of them a good many points about how to buy economically (although I do the buying), how to cook, and how to keep house generally—points for which they were grateful both at the time and in later years, and for which most of

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them have expressed their gratitude—I have considered the propriety of advertising, when in need of a servant, somewhat as follows:

A.A.A finishing school for maids bent on matrimony. Instruction free. Regular wages paid while learning.

But the truth is I have never advertised for a servant, and have been to an agency but three times in twenty-three years. This is due to the fact that my maids, to a considerable extent, have been self-replacing. There was, for example, Katie, true to me for three years in spite of many suitors. When she finally succumbed, it was with the offer of a substitute.

"Well, much as I want to, I can't put off the evil day any longer. A gurrl must change comfort for matrimony to escape being an old maid—God save us! I must marry. Will you take my sister Sabina to work for you?"

"Will Sabina come to us?"

"Oh! she will come running to yous."

Sabina came running, and seven years she stayed with me—years full of hard, faithful, cheerful work, with not a few privations and some troubles. In summer her devotion was tested by travel, for we went to the country or to the mountains, out of reach of her friends, to whom she could not write, and remote from her beloved church. But she said, in effect, "Whither thou goest I will go." In winter there came terrible illnesses. In one of them father, mother, and son were stricken with pneumonia, and then Sabina was an angel of light. Sometimes she seemed an angel with a flaming sword, guarding the interests of her family against all comers—nurses, friends, and even doctors. To one of the last she said, "You mustn't leave the electric light burning in the dining-room when no one bees there. We ain't got dollars to burn in that way." Once the doctor advised her to go out and get some air. "Go out," cried she in scorn, "when the angel of death stands ready to grab any one of them! No indeed. I don't stir out of this house while he is peeking round the corner." When he ceased to peek and we were recovering, such squab, chicken, and all kinds of dainties as she cooked for us!

Which leads me to remark that my servants, especially the ones I am here memorializing, can really cook, and do not confine themselves to the "bilin' potatas" and "fryin' steak," with "rice pudd'n" for dessert, which is the usual repertoire of the general houseworker at the agencies. The rôle of a cooking teacher I have found a pleasant one, for the pupils have been apt and willing, and I have looked upon my teaching as a contribution to the cause of making good homes. When Sabina left me, carrying the recipes of seven years' gleanings, she boasted that she had learned thirty-two kinds of soup and more than twenty kinds of bread, counting the hot breads for breakfast. Then, too, my servants have had imagination, varying my recipes and forming new combinations, until now my cook-book is enhanced by "Sabina's Bread," "Maggie's Bread, "Jennie's Bread," "Cora's Bread," etc.

One of my most valued recipes was a legacy from big black Katherine. She was renowned for marvelously crispy, melty, luscious cookies, such as I have never tasted from the hands of any other cook. Fearing that her secret might die with her, I said to her one day, "Katherine, tell me your cooky recipe, and I will write it down." Here it is for the use of any reader:

"Wal, I takes a yaller bowl, and the yaller bowl mustn't have no spout. In that yaller bowl I dumps a hunk of butter. Then frow in a good mess of sugar, so they'll be nice and crusp. Mux 'em up thorough. Then comes aigs. Ef they's cheap, I takes four. Ef I feels a leetle close, I takes three. Ef they's dear, I takes two. One'll do rat well. An ef they's very dear, I discharge aigs and don't use no aigs at all. Then I mux in the aigs or no aigs, dump in flour, bakin'-powder, milk, an seas'ning. For seas'ning I use my jedgmunt. Sometimes it's one, sometimes it's another. Then mux, roll out, cut, and bake."

Proud of her fine cooking, Katherine was always trying to raise my standard of living, not seeming to mind the extra burden of the eight courses which she considered the lowest number proper for a "comp'ny" dinner. A party, with big bowls of chicken salad, gallons of home-made ice-cream, rusks, cakes of many kinds, and all sorts of little dainties, like cheese-straws and candied orange-peel, put Katherine in the best of humor and made her feel that we were going up in the world. "With all your fine cooking, you'd raly be genteel ef you'd only let me make lobster salad," she would often say, almost beseechingly. Lobster salad seemed to be her sign of blue blood, and only by yielding and having lobster salad did I finally win Katherine's complete respect and approval.

But cooking was not Katherine's only

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talent. She was an exquisite laundress. There was a baby in the house when Katherine was with us, and for him she would gladly wash her fingers to the bone. "Where's my king?" she would shout. "Ef he can't have a crown, he *can* have a clean dress." And if he were the least bit mussed she would take him off to the bedroom and put on him the choicest dress she could find. In return he would pat her old black face and lay his curly head close up to her black cheek. She would laugh, and say: "My boy has good taste. He has a good eye foh kulluh."

It was during the boy's babyhood, when we kept two maids, that Ella was with us as a mother's helper. She was a pretty young thing, of much refinement and delicate feeling, who gave the child his first lessons in economy. When he didn't want to eat his crusts, she taught him a little verse, which he rendered as follows:

"Willful wathte makth woeful want,
And I might live to thay,
Oh, how I wis I had bread
Dat unce I frew away!"

It was Ella who read to him "The Tales of Troy." Out on the street one day a fire-engine came tearing along. The small boy started on a dead run, and Ella after him. When she got within hearing distance, she heard him call: "Troy is burning! Troy is burning! Let us run for our lives!" This girl helped also to develop in her charge a taste for good music. She had been brought up in a certain orphan asylum which is under the care of a church noted for good music. She sang to the boy fine old hymns and snatches of anthems, and in lighter mood she regaled him with such classics as "A frog he would a-wooing go" and "The owl and the pussy-cat went off to sea, in a beautiful pea-green boat."

During a severe illness of his mother Ella took her place in caring for the boy, and felt that it was a great privilege to bathe and dress him. For she, like all the rest of my saints, have esteemed it a privilege to have a share in the work of making a home. Although Ella was not expected to cook, she begged to be taught to prepare the dinner when Sabina was out. To learn how to do or make new things has been as much the ambition of the maids as sending them out better equipped for life has been the ambition of the mistress.

Ella's successor, Jennie, was also in fact as in name a mother's helper. Jennie was a careful, exact, earnest girl who made every statement with as minute accuracy as she parted her hair. The small boy's imagination was a source of great anxiety to her. She was so truthful—in fact, so literal—that his two imaginary kittens, Fluffy and Muffy, caused her great uneasiness. When he would say, "Mother, please do not sit on that chair; Fluffy is lying there," his mother would take another chair—a course which Jennie decidedly disapproved. "It will make him untruthful to act as if the kittens were really there," she would assert with conviction. This literalness led her to train the boy to great accuracy of statement. Her devotion to duty in material affairs was no less marked than in the spiritual realm. The family mending was her work, and so seriously did she take her duty that if any one went with a hole or a rip for five minutes she thought that it reflected on her. If the man of the house left a pair of gloves on the hall table, she would pick them up and look them over to see if there were any rips. When anything had the least hole, it was left on the sewing-machine and was repaired so quickly that the boy would say, "Mother, fairy fingers touched it."

All the little things that the mother in a house does for the material comfort of a family Jennie took upon herself, so the mother had more time for the companionship of her family. When a guest came unexpectedly for the night, Jennie made the room ready and prepared an extra place at the table. She even acted as memory for the thoughtless, running after us with rubbers or umbrella or reminding us of hot lemonade for colds. Her sense of order was so great that she readily accepted my two housekeeping maxims: "Make your head save your heels" and "Carry as you go."

Not every one has been able or willing to do this. One member of my household in particular rose in revolt. As to the former maxim he said: "My head is so much weaker than my heels! Why should the weaker save the stronger?" Of the other his positive declaration of independence reads thus: "I will *carry* and I will *go*, but I will *not* carry *as* I go."

But to Jennie these two principles were the foundation-stones of easy methods, and the things which the insurgent member would "go" before "carrying" she carried as she went from force of habit. She acted, too, as the "speeder-up" of the family, accepting

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the office with keen zest and relieving me of an onerous duty.

Only four times in my housekeeping has it been my good fortune to have maids who had previously learned to "carry as you go" and "make your head save your heels." They were the methodical Katie, executive Jennie, my peace-bringing Hattie, and the present level-headed Lucy. With them my housekeeping voyage has not been through choppy seas, but a steady progress on the current of a calmly flowing river. Hattie was so forehanded with her work that on one memorable Thanksgiving Day we found her at twelve o'clock calmly sitting in the kitchen working on a shirtwaist for herself. We were to have fourteen for dinner at two, but everything was ready. The turkey and vegetables were cooking. "I couldn't stand round waiting," she explained to the laughing mistress. As we were both forehanded, we worked together smoothly, even gleefully; but one day Hattie told me, "You'll have your grave dug so long before you are ready for it that the sides will tumble in and your husband will have to pay for extra work on it." Then I told her the story of the way my forehanded mother stood me up, a shivering little girl, in the middle of a cold country winter and tried on my filmy summer petticoats and dresses; how we let them all down, doing the work by hand—and how when summer came the little girl had grown so much that the work all had to be done over!

One of the unsung virtues of my servant girls is their toleration in putting up with the "notions" of the several members of the family—the peculiar notions of the insurgent member, for example. He has a pet aversion to divulging at breakfast whether or not he will be home for lunch. If we do not plan any lnuch for him, and expect, after the fashion of women on a busy day, to "take a bite," then, at twenty-five minutes past twelve, in he will walk, calling out cheerily, "I should like luncheon at half-past twelve; anything will do." All my servants have put up with this trying habit much more patiently than I have. On one such occasion Hattie, who had had a husband and so knew man nature, remarked philosophically, "In house matters a man thinks as far ahead as the voice of his stomach." She was always quick, however, to fly around and get him a good luncheon. One servant, more forehanded even in this matter than Hattie, always had a little soup on hand for such sudden appearances. I would find her using odds and ends for a cup or two of soup which she called, "Flighty soup," thus expressing her opinion of the consumer. In another of my maids (she could not read, and so often used queer words) philosophy took the form of resignation. She often soliloquized, "We all have our arrities, and some of 'em's peculiar."

One of our "arrities" is to have our friends with us often and informally. The attitude of my servants towards guests, whether dropping in for meals or staying in the house, has always been most cordial. This welcoming attitude of the maid may have been enhanced by a custom, founded in fairness, of giving extra time or extra money for all extra work. When we have a big family party for Thanksgiving, the maid is given all day out on Christmas. If we have a Christmas party on Christmas Day, the maid has Thanksgiving Day out.

In addition to my plan of extra pay or extra time for extra work, I insure length of service by giving a two.weeks' vacation with pay when a maid stays with me a year. This not only gives the pleasure and profit of a vacation, but gives added dignity to domestic service. One of my maids, who always returned before her vacation was over, said: "I feel so proud going off on a vacation with pay. It's just as highfalutin as being a shop-girl."

I may add a third incentive to length of service. I allow my girls to invite their female friends to afternoon tea and dinner, and I give their male friends the freedom of my kitchen for purposes of courtship. The former of these tends to permanency of tenure, as it makes the "place" attractive. Of the latter it should in candor be explained that the advantage is not unmixed. As contentment with the place flows in through the door, contentment with any mere "place" flies out (on the wings of love) by the window. But, aside from considerations of self-interest, I look upon it as a duty to provide my servants with reasonable and decent opportunities for recreation, even for—I might better say, especially for—courtship. So when my Katie said, "Can we court in your kitchen? I don't like courting on the street or in a park," my reply was an unhesitating "Yes."

"But did none of your saints have faults?" some doubting housekeeper will ask. Of course they had faults; they even had "arrities." But so had their mistress. Their virtues, however, far outweighed their failings; and I look back on all of them with

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feelings of respect and gratitude for the part they have played in making a happy home life. Perhaps domestic service would be more looked up to and more sought after as a vocation if the mistress would only, besides trying to "put yourself in her place"—

"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."

THE FROLICSOME STORK

BY AMY WENTWORTH STONE

SINCE you wish to be told why Peter's Polly was drooping dismally upon her Professor's steps on a day all sunshine and dandelions and May, like a little blue and gold fallen angel shut out from paradise, you must know that she just *had* been shut out from paradise for the very first time in all her blithe little life. As unfailingly as Father Peter raked and pruned in the college gardens had Peter's Polly gone skipping every day, at the hour when the chapel chimes played "Come, Ye Disconsolate," straight across the campus to her Professor and Jacksie and the joys of their Elysian library.

"Go hunt, Peter's Polly," the Professor would say, "in the second row, and see if you can find in a scarlet cover the amazing little girl who belonged to the Great Red Shah of Tish-Ba-Kum, and who, I am secretly informed, skipped rope once upon a time with Peter's Polly's great-great-101-times-great-grandmother."

Or, "Look on the corner shelf, Jacksie, for Bunny-Rabbit in his first long trousers, and you shall hear of the dreadful thing that happened to him because he boasted of his fifteen pockets."

And now to-day, if you please, when the big knocker had been thumped with the usual tiptoe eagerness, the door of paradise had opened just wide enough for a strange and quite uncelestial voice to announce that little girls must go away and not make a noise. This utterance suggested at once to Peter's Polly a certain dragon aunt who was wont to descend occasionally upon her Professor, so she swallowed a very big lump as well as she could, and asked, politely, "Wath it a vithitor?"

"Yes, it was a visitor," the voice admitted, and the latch clicked upon the words.

Peter's Polly pressed a hot little forehead and two hot little palms against the cool, inexorable door, and indulged herself in thoughts of an exceeding bloodthirstiness about that other visitor. Who could it be that had so promptly slipped in ahead of her on the very first day that she had failed to keep the tryst? For it can no longer be concealed that Peter's Polly was shockingly late. When the chimes had sung their way this morning to the rose garden, they had fallen there upon two quite inattentive little ears attached to a quite absorbed little person toiling furiously at an altogether herculean labor in order that the name and fame of Father Peter might be preserved untarnished. For Father Peter had vanished unaccountably, had been, as it were, completely wiped off the landscape at the hour of all others when he should have been raking with a peculiarly feverish diligence in the garden. What had happened to him Peter's Polly could not possibly conjecture. As she had come trotting in the bright and early morning over the campus, trundling Father Peter's trowel and pruning-shears in her own little wheelbarrow and calling a debonair good-morning to the seniors as they straggled past with "Faerie Queenes" under their arms to English A, she had been swept suddenly high on the shoulder of St. George and galloped off with around the chapel into the group of loiterers by the library steps.

"Now, Una," St. George had said, swinging her to the back of the big stone lion, "you're a lady that couldn't fib if she wanted to, and something quite charming is going to happen as soon as ever you've told us which is the jolliest class in college."

Peter's Polly traced the curves of the lion's mane with a plump little forefinger, then

"Theenyer," she said, without looking up.

"Bully for you, Una," pursued St. George. "And what makes you like theenyers best?"

Peter's Polly clasped her arms tightly about the big bronze neck and peered shyly around at St. George.

"You," she said.

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"Una," had replied the abashed saint, when the tumult subsided, "you're a more frantic coquette than even old Spenser made out. You know perfectly well that the striking merit of theenyers is their engaging habit of carrying impudent little watering-pots and wheelbarrows and kindred objects about their persons—like this."

And out from somewhere underneath St. George's jacket had popped an adorable infant rake made in the exact image of Father Peter's own. The shining eyes of Peter's Polly had not, of course, perceived in it the instrument of her undoing. As the peremptory bell in the tower had sent St. George and his retinue trooping in to English A, Peter's Polly, frisking in the sunshine across the deserted quadrangle and out upon the campus toward the rose garden, took thought of nothing save the ecstasy of holding up this gift of the gods before the astonished eyes of Father Peter, and pledging its help to the immediate embellishment of all the garden walks. For Peter's Polly knew that it was Friday, the solemn day when every gravel path must be raked into inviolate trimness for the majestic procession of the President and professors back across the garden from Faculty meeting. Peter's Polly would have regarded the procession of the equinoxes with less awe.

But Father Peter was not to be found anywhere in the rose garden. She had peeped through the clustered shrubbery for a glimmer of the blue overalls, she had sniffed the air for the pipe of friendly savor, she had held her breath while she listened for the pleasant rasping of the rake. There was nothing in the warm, still air but the aroma of box, the crow-calls in the pines, and the distant rap of a carpenter's hammer. Anxiety for the personal safety of Father Peter had soon, however, been crowded from the soul of Peter's Polly by a dreadful foreboding—namely, that the paths would not be prepared in time for the approach of all those consecrated feet. She remembered quite distinctly the suitable horror expressed last Friday by Father Peter when she had suggested at this hour that it would be well to prop the rake against a tree for a while and bowl her around the baseball field in the wheelbarrow. And to-day there was clearly just one thing for the owner of a new and altogether efficient little rake to do. Peter's Polly must herself garnish the paths for the renown of Father Peter. Accordingly she had set to work, scratching with a ferocity that brought a crash of worlds to successive realms of ants. Peter's Polly had, however, made but inconsiderable progress before she encountered the obstacle that in all ages has kept rakers from mounting in their profession—namely, the inconceivable difficulty of restraining one's riotous shoes from the forbidden area that one has already neatly raked. Peter's Polly could not in the least understand it. She curbed her two little feet with the most laudable vigilance; but as soon as ever she had completed a tempting section (with all the trimness of Father Peter she was sure, except that the infant rake *would* make the lines just a trifle more rakish) and had stepped complacently back to get a closer view of the finished work, why, there would be those impish marks of little ankle ties all over it again. Peter's Polly had never in her life known anything at once so depressing and so absorbing, and thus it was that when the chimes had come drifting over the gardens they had found her disconsolate to the point of utter oblivion. Only the scrunching an hour later of many feet upon the gravel beyond the rhododendrons had wrested her from her world of wriggly lines and agitated ants and sent her scampering with rake and wheelbarrow, a little Mistress Mary in panic-stricken flight from a stately Faculty that might quite possibly detain her when there was not a moment to lose to ask her how her garden grew. For Peter's Polly had suddenly divined, with a terrible sinking of something in her little chest, that it was late—so late that her Professor and Jacksie might have set sail for Wonderland without her. And now at last, when she had panted up the azalea path to the friendly familiar green door, it was only to find that it had played her false and allowed that other truckling visitor to steal ahead of her over its perfidious sill. Suddenly as she stood before it in a bewilderment of misery it relented and swung wide, disclosing an effervescent Jacksie.

"He's come," he shouted in one breath, "the stork, an' left a little bit of a one, an' a checker-blue lady with a collar like the rector's to hold it, an' heaps of safe'y-pins an'—an' stuff, an' now he's gone again right up the chimney an' over the roofs."

"Which -way?" gasped Peter's Polly, glancing hastily along the innocent sky-line of the little faculty houses.

"Oh, I dunno; but down to the woods, I guess," replied Jacksie, indifferently. Then,

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with much importance, narrowing the doorway to a mere crack: "You can't come in now. We're not going to play in the libr'y to-day. P'r'aps to-morrow I'll show it to you. It's dark pink all over, an' it squeals like you kept right on stepping on puss, an' it squints like this"—and, contorting his features into those of a gargoyle, he obliterated the crack entirely and was gone.

Peter's Polly, overwhelmed with an entirely new set of emotions, sat down upon the steps and dropped her head upon her knees. She was, first of all, face to face with a really petrifying coincidence. It was only yesterday—*yesterday*, mind you!—that the Professor had discoursed with the most searching and soul-satisfying detail of the habits of the stork, dwelling on the bewildering possibility of his arriving anywhere at any time laden with charming and quite fresh little sisters. And now *to-day*, if you please, he was here! Peter's Polly felt her flesh creep. Moreover, his unexampled favoritism in soaring coolly past the chimney of Father Peter's Little Red House to penetrate Jacksie's—Jacksie, who had never been at pains to conceal his finished scorn of little sisters—was enough to blight forever all one's faith in the efficacy of prayer. For, in addition to official supplications at bedtime, Peter's Polly had for months, with the utmost secrecy and fervor, been petitioning Santa Claus, Old Father Time, the President of the Board of Trustees, and several other venerable gentlemen whose beards seemed sufficiently long and gray and exuberant to assure them an active part in administering the universe, to bestow upon her a wee little sister of exactly the size to be trundled about the rose garden in Peter's Polly's wee little wheelbarrow. She had even earnestly besought Father Peter to wait upon the President of the Board of Trustees and personally enlist his interest in the matter, but Father Peter had shaken his head and said that little sisters cost too much to keep. Even when she had pointed out that they ate just what you did, and so *couldn't* cost as much as Tags, who had to have puppy biscuit bought for him, Father Peter was still strangely obdurate, and declined to undertake the mission she had proposed. And now it appeared that a long gray beard was not the thing to be propitiated at all, but a long and strong yellow bill—the Professor had dwelt upon its length and strength and yellowness—that could swing little sisters in eider-down blankets safely and softly over the chimney-tops right down to your very hearthstone.

So engulfed was Peter's Polly in these reflections that she was quite unaware of the presence of the stork until he announced his name. He was in the grip of a bronchial cold, and said "quork" so hoarsely and unexpectedly that her eyes came open with a pop, to find him standing directly in front of her on the path, twitching his tail feathers with every indication of extreme annoyance. Peter's Polly recognized him instantly by his wonderful bill, that was most incredibly long and yellow, and she warmed to him at once because of his obvious difficulty, quite like her own, in pronouncing his s's. For the rest, he was very broad and very squat, and waddled outrageously. This was immediately apparent, for the moment he realized that there was a pair of human eyes fixed upon him he turned hastily upon his heel (Peter's Polly was a little shocked to note that somebody had omitted to cut him out between the toes, after her own negligent practice with the paper dolls in Father Peter's Sunday supplement)—turned upon his heel and scuttled down the path with the promptness of one who had an unimaginable horror of anything in rompers.

The particular rompers in question were of course up and after him in a joyous flash of blue. Perhaps he was even now on the way back to lay in a fresh supply; perhaps, oh! perhaps he was inviting her to come with him to look over his stock and pick out the very one she liked best! It was a conceit to send small ankle ties skipping into the thick grass, regardless of the dismal fate predicted by Father Peter for those who trampled his first mowing. For into it had plunged the stork, in a haste that was in no way abated by the sound of an unmistakably jocund little wheelbarrow capering behind him. His remarks became presently so sputtery indeed that Peter's Polly, in terror lest he spread his wings and vanish over the roofs again, clasped the small offending vehicle in her arms and walked with all possible circumspection along the faint trail which the august bird was blazing directly through the middle of Father Peter's sacred domain. On across the sunny field they went, and through the hedge they hopped, out upon the broad highway—the mysterious motor-infested highway that dutiful little girls never, *never* walked upon alone. Peter's Polly, who had viewed it hitherto from the lofty security of the tip-

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cart, standing up like a little charioteer beside Father Peter, had not dreamed that you could have such an odd empty feeling right in the middle of you when you stood upon it quite by yourself in the noon stillness. The leaf shadows seemed to frisk in an elfish dance upon its dusty whiteness, and Peter's Polly, listening for the distant whirring of a motor, as one always must, she knew, on highways, could hear nothing but the hot, insistent shrilling of the crickets and the soliloquy of the stork, who was waddling off as fast as ever he could go. Straight down the middle of the highway he pattered, as one having an unalterable programme and insufficient time to carry it out. Presently his plump person was swallowed by a dip in the road. Before he reappeared Peter's Polly had flung her last scruple to the wind and was scuffing after him at a safe distance.

The way of the stork led down the hill into a deep, fragrant hollow, where a small bridge spanned a ribbon of lush grass and cowslips, with the deep, quiet water slipping through. The moment he stepped upon this bridge Peter's Polly saw that he became a prey to the most harassing indecision. Watching his small, portly shape bustling from one side to the other, she was immediately convinced that a row of little sisters must be cradled close beneath. She remembered a story of the Professor's about a lady who had once found an altogether excellent little sister floating in a basket in a river somewhere among big, tall grasses and cowslips—it surely *was* cowslips that the Professor had said? Or was—it was a bull-bull-something; at any rate, it was a quite negligible difference. But when Peter's Polly had clambered upon the rail and peered in an ecstasy into the tangle below, there was nothing to gladden the eye, save the gorgeous revelry of gold and green.

She turned around just in time to see the arch deceiver scuttle under a wholly unexpected gate in the stone wall beyond. Now Peter's Polly had only yesterday been jounced along that very stretch of road in Father Peter's tip-cart, but neither then nor ever before had she set eyes upon those mysterious bars. As she peeped through them now and saw the stork disappearing down a vague leafy path she knew that she had reached at last the enchanted hidden entrance to the realm of little sisters. It was a tight squeeze under the gate, and more or less disastrous facially even when one had only a button of a nose, but Peter's Polly would willingly have offered up every feature had such been the condition of her entry. Once inside and trundling gayly down the path, she found the woods growing every moment more aromatic and luminous. Presently the sunlight filtered through, and then the trees fell back with one accord before a radiant strip of lawn flaming with dandelions and sloping to the shore of a wonderful blue lake. And here, just where Peter's Polly knew that she stood at the very portal of her great adventure, it seemed to slam suddenly with as much violence as had the green door at the end of the azalea path. The stork, in brief, prancing over the grass, flapped his wings in a shameless farewell, sat down comfortably upon the blue lake, and floated away into the middle distance. The sight filled Peter's Polly with an inconceivable awe. She had always supposed that when you sat down upon a lake you disappeared from view with a peculiar despatch. In a minute she was stumbling blindly along the shore.

"Oh, pleathe come back, pleathe, *pleathe* come back," she entreated. "I only just want one little bit of a one, and I'll carry it home all by mythelf in the wheelbarrow, honetht I will. Pleathe, *pleathe* come back." But the undeviating speck upon the shimmering lake vouchsafed no sign, and Peter's Polly, sweeping frantically around a clump of dogwood, came with terrific suddenness upon a little sister in a dark-pink frock, sitting alone upon a dark-pink blanket, and busily sucking a dark-pink thumb. It was, in fact, a study in pink of a most sinister darkness. At the moment when Peter's Polly careened around the bushes it was also squinting in the precise fashion portrayed by Jacksie. When, however, it found itself confronted by a shape towering in blue rompers and brandishing an unfamiliar and no doubt wicked implement, it removed the dark-pink thumb in the utmost haste and opened wide a dark-pink mouth in unmistakable protest. Peter's Polly knelt upon the blanket.

"Pleathe don't cry," she implored. "I'm Peterth Polly, an' I've come to take you home to Father Peter." And she forthwith extended two yearning, diffident little arms. But the little dark-pink sister neither saw nor heard, for the excellent reason that it was now nothing but one embodied scream. The instant, moreover, that it felt two strange little hands upon its person it flung itself backward with the finished art of one long practiced, and began to propel its legs with

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the rhythmic efficiency of a gigantic centipede. Peter's Polly got up and took a long look into the bushes for the checker-blue lady that came, she understood, with every order. The moment was at hand, she felt, for welcoming anything whose function it was to hold little sisters. The stork, however, had evidently been too pressed for time to see to all the fittings, and Peter's Polly perceived that she must address herself unaided to the task of transferring her little sister from the blanket to the altogether reluctant wheelbarrow. It was like packing a large air-cushion into a small hand-bag. As soon as you pressed it in on one side it immediately bulged out on the other. Also those unthinkable legs never forebore for an instant. They were still swaying vivaciously above the sides of the wheelbarrow when that vehicle wavered off across the grass. They exhibited, in fact, all the definiteness and intricacy of a set code of signals. Exactly what or whom they were signaling was not at first clear, until quite suddenly, before Peter's Polly's dumfounded eyes, the little girl who belonged to the Great Red Shah and who had stooped to an intimacy with Peter's Polly's great-great-101-times-great-grandmother came skipping straight out from the shadow of the pines. She was traveling incognito, for she wore the very messiest pinafore that Peter's Polly had ever seen. Her opening words were also well adapted to masking her noble birth:

"Hi, there, you little red-head, drop that kid, or I'll teach you to run off with my baby!"

Peter's Polly hastily put down the wheelbarrow and clasped its squirming contents.

"It'th mine," she said, stoutly; "my very own from the thtork."

The scion of Tish-Ba-Kum regarded her for a moment with open mouth. Then she marched directly up to Peter's Polly and boxed her ears with all the assurance of a princess of the blood.

"Yours nothin'," she pronounced; then, launching herself upon an elaborate satire: "I s'pose you think I don't know where I left that kid; I s'pose you think I don't know him when I see him. I s'pose you think I'd forget what he looks like, don't you! Well, you clear out of here an' run along home, an' don't you ever touch him again! See?" And, snatching the little dark-pink sister from the firm clutch of the wheelbarrow, she sped off with it, around the lake. After her went Peter's Polly, a little flying figure of despair, sobbing in wild repetition:

"It'th mine, it'th mine from the thtork!"

until the oak woods swallowed the last glimmer of her vanishing treasure. Then she stepped into a rabbit hole and tumbled into the long, consoling grass.

It was here that St. George, striding over the hill to his daily swim, found her, a little incoherent heap of misery.

"But, you know, Una," he said, swinging her to his shoulder, "you should never go adventuring without your Saint. It's not safe, on account of dragons and things."

"It wathn't dwagonth. It wath the thtork," protested Peter's Polly.

"The stork? Down here!" exclaimed St. George, cutting a caper that jounced a loitering sob into a joyous hiccough. "But, Una, you *are* 'way off. Why, bless you, that incredible bird has been swooping around up on the campus the whole morning."

The head of Peter's Polly began to reel a little, but she shook it quite resolutely and pointed back across the lake.

"He thwimmed away," she said, with pardonable conviction.

But even as the words faltered on her lips, St. George, leaping into the kitchen garden on the crest of the hill, brought her right up to the gate of the Little Red House, and there, if you please, actually framed in Peter Polly's very own window, was that elusive checker-blue lady with a collar like the rector's! On the porch stood the renegade Father Peter, his hands thrust deep into his overalls and his pipe shifting about from one corner of his mouth to the other in the greatest uneasiness. When he beheld Peter's Polly, his embarrassment increased several fold. But she flew straight up the path and flung her arms about his knees.

"Ith it dark pink all over with a dirty fathe?" she demanded.

Father Peter removed his pipe in haste to permit his jaw to drop.

"Do it'th legth go?" she pursued, breathlessly.

Father Peter nodded his head in stupefaction—just as somebody inside began to tread with apparent uninterruptedness upon the Professor's puss. Peter's Polly jumped up and down with shining eyes.

"The thtork he caught her an' he made her bring it back to me an' you!" she cried, and, tugging at Father Peter, she went rapturously into the house to identify the little dark-pink sister.

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THE SPECTATOR

CEILED in misty green, the vaulted roof of the Garden, brilliantly lit, overarched three great rows of gray-hued booths, with clusters of electric lamps studding them thickly. At each end, around the spacious ovals of the balconies, were hung tapestry scenes whose landscapes appealed irresistibly to the eye and mind. They were of the true drop-curtain type of magnificence, with broad steps, massive balustrades, haughty mansions, flower-decked pergolas, arched bridges, winding walks, and all the rest of it. But their appeal was deeper than the eye—to every object in the scene the same central and fundamental thought applied. Their keynote was the same as that of the gray booths below—"Cement is King!"—as one fervent electric sign proclaimed it. From the graceful sweep of the walks (made of cement) in the foreground to the low purple hills (from which cement could be made) in the background, one thought, one purpose, and one will ruled the design.

"Cement is King!" It is toward this twentieth-century slogan that the mud-pie instinct and talent, born with the race, has worked ever since the ancient Romans were new. Down in one of the central aisles of the show, upon a pedestal of concrete, under a glass shade of the sort usually sacred to wax flowers, stood a lump of cement taken from the Roman Forum. It was over two thousand years old, and Romulus and Remus may have mixed it, but it appeared to be as good as ever. The latest young couple from the suburbs, visiting the Show to see how cheaply they could build a cement bungalow that would be a dream of summer coolness, winter warmth, and all-the-year-round beauty, looked at this chunk from the Eternal City and remarked earnestly to each other, "There's *nothing* lasts like concrete!" Close beside it, but not able to look it out of countenance at all, was the pride of the Show, the splendid working model of the Gatun Locks and Dam of the Panama Canal, with its tiny ships that passed to and fro in the miniature locks and demonstrated the blessings to flow from pouring some five million barrels of cement into the isthmus. Cement can thus divide continents as well as hold them together. The Spectator felt that Romulus and Remus would have enjoyed mixing concrete for such a truly imperial enterprise.

Empire-builders and home-builders alike are interested in concrete nowadays. It might have been called "*New* Home Week," for the young pairs who were looking at poured houses, fence-posts, statuary, bath-tubs, furniture, fountains, etc., were legion. One young man, with a face of rapture, paused before a cement hen-coop, shaped like an oven, with a handful of straw and four gleaming china eggs inside to give it the true agricultural touch. "That's what I want!" he said to the sweet young girl by his side. "You see what it says—you can burn it out, and that kills all the insects." The girl smiled vaguely in sympathy. "Yes indeed," she cried, anxious to partake his every thought. "But mightn't the fire cook the eggs too?" doubtfully.

Such rifts in the lute did, of course, occur. But in the main the young home-seekers were blissfully of one mind as to concrete. They would have a house of it—yes, not to cost anything like as much as an ordinary house—and fence-posts of it that would *never* wear out, and steps, and walks, and hitching-posts, and garage, and chicken-house, and water-trough, all cheap beyond compare. All sorts of castles in the air were being built on concrete foundations that day. Prosaic indeed would be the pair whose imaginations were not stirred by the call of the cement. A material that can be mixed out of any sandbank, and that will make a Renaissance mantelpiece or a garden balustrade, a goldfish aquarium or a set of mission furniture, is admirably suited to lovers' dreams.

There was the patent mixer, too. It was a cross between a wheelbarrow and a mediæval iron maiden filled with cutting knives. Anybody could shovel in the ingredients, close the iron doors, and push the two-wheeled affair along. As the axle turned, the knives within turned and churned with it, cutting and mixing the cement, and when the spot was reached where the concrete was required, lo! there it was ready, well and duly mixed. The Spectator was greatly drawn to this machine, with which, on a down grade, mixing would be one grand, sweet song. He was also much attracted by a "unit system" of building concrete houses. The sections consisted of concrete members, some horizontal, some upright, none weighing over fifteen hundred pounds, and so arranged as to interlock and hold together. Two men and a small hand-derrick could, it was claimed, do the placing, or even, the inventor proclaimed, a woman could execute the process of erection. These units, combined in any size and variety of building, could be locked together by a patent lock until such time as their dissolution was desired. Then, presto! they could be unlocked, and the building done over again like a house of blocks. Perhaps in the plays and novels of the future the Raffles of the plot will not break into a house, but simply unlock

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it with a master-key. It might give a householder a rather unsettled feeling; but, then, think of the joy of being able to take one side of the house out and let the breeze blow through on a hot day!

Concrete pipes were displayed in variety, and concrete poles were at the same booths. Whether the poles were made out of the cores of the pipes, or the pipes built around the poles, the Spectator did not ask, but, in either case, why not? The telegraph poles of the future are to be of cement, and the sanitary pigsties, and the roads and pavements, and the barns, and the floors and stairs, and the pillared porches, and the tunnels, and the roofs, and the canal barges, and the bridges and the subways, and the statues and the docks, and the dye-vats and the ash-bins, and the corner-stones and the cisterns and the grand stands. Perhaps a cement breakfast food may be discovered, too. The present materials, crushed and heaped up, have a look of some stone-age cereal about them even now. It is already prophesied by one of the clever scribes of the Show that, "born in a cement house, rocked in a cement cradle, fed from cement dishes that rest on cement tables, the modern baby . . . may at last be laid away in a coffin of cement."

The baby may not be ready for that, but the coffin is. The Spectator saw it—two or three varieties of it—among the exhibits. "Will it make funerals still more expensive?" asked a middle-aged and careworn individual, and on being answered in the affirmative, went on, disapprovingly, "Why don't you have urns for ashes, so's people can be cremated instead?" The exhibitor smiled proudly and pointed to a small dress-suit-case affair with a domed top. "This is for ashes," he said, "and lots of folks here in New York buy them for their dogs and cats."

One concrete tomb, however, with always a crowd about it, had a past instead of a future. It was the reproduction of an ancient tragedy. Centuries ago, in 1535, the Spanish garrison of Oran, in Algiers, captured a tiny Arab child—a boy whom they named Geronimo, after a Christian saint. Brought up as a Christian, he returned to his family, lived as a Mohammedan for some years, but came back to the faith, and in 1569 he joined the Spanish soldiers on a coasting raid. A Moorish corsair captured the raiders, and they were brought to Algiers. Geronimo was promised his life if he would return to Mohammedanism. This he refused to do, and was condemned to be buried alive in the concrete wall of the fort which was then being built. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was cast, face downward, into a block of concrete then being prepared for its place in the wall.

Haido, a Spanish Benedictine missionary, set down in his book on Algiers, in 1612, the story of Geronimo, with careful notes as to the exact spot of his tomb in the fort wall. He adjured the Christian world to conquer Algiers, find the tomb, and give the martyr Christian burial. In 1854, when, under the French, the old fort was torn down, Haido's notes were followed in seeking for the body. The concrete block was found and cut open, disclosing the bones of Geronimo and the cavity left by his body. Into this mold plaster was poured and a cast taken, showing, as history had told, the form of a young man, bound with his arms behind his back. The bones now rest in a massive stone sarcophagus in the Christian cathedral, and the plaster cast, with the hollow cement block broken apart as if to show it, has been preserved; and the Cement Show had it copied, and showed it as its most romantic and appealing exhibit.

The "poured house" and the "cement gun" were also always surrounded by a throng of sightseers. Last year Edison promised cement houses poured at high pressure, so to speak. That has not yet come to pass, but one or two companies now pour houses by using wall molds. One sort of wall mold makes a solid wall, another makes a hollow wall. One railway company in Pennsylvania is now building a model village of these poured houses, which require neither "pointing, painting, nor repairs." In the house of the twenty-first century, indeed, all repairs will probably be made by the cement gun—which is not a gun, but a glorified garden-hose affair, coupled to an engine by one pipe and a cement-mixer with another. The engine works, the bags are emptied into the mixer, the cement is mixed in the "gun" and shoots out from the hose to be played on wall or roof or pavement or whatever is to be covered with the cement. The concert-room of the Garden, where the gun was at work, was full of mist and cement dust, but through it all the workman in canvas overalls who held the gun went on calmly decorating the bas-reliefs, walls, panels, etc., of a sort of bomb-proof in the middle, and laid on an inch layer of concrete at a time, more evenly than any trowel could do. Any crack in a cement wall, any hole in a concrete roof, could, the Spectator supposes, be easily mended by even an inexperienced gunner. The roofer and the carpenter may yet perish from the earth before the cement gun.

In fact, the Spectator felt as if he were looking into a new world through the vistas of the

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Cement Show. What is going to become of house rats and of stone-cutters and of quarrymen? Will the iron ship become reinforced concrete, as the canal barges are going to be? Will bricks and mortar be put into museums? Will there ever be a conservation movement to preserve the mountains from going into the hopper in order to build whole cities of poured houses? A cement Sphinx, gray and calm, confronted the Spectator at the corner of the aisle. Was it the flicker of the electric lights upon the heavy lids—or did it really wink?

THE NEW BOOKS

Christopher. By Richard Pryce. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

Mr. Richard Pryce has published a number of novels in England, but his "Christopher" is the first story which has appeared on this side the ocean. He is the son of an English officer, and was born at Boulogne. After his college course he began to write for the popular magazines, and published his first book, a story of French peasant life, in 1884, at the age of nineteen. "Christopher" is one of the most charming novels that has appeared for many months past. It is written in a leisurely vein, somewhat in the attitude but not at all in the manner of Mr. De Morgan. It is emphatically a character novel, although there are dramatic episodes and considerable plot interest. There are two or three notable studies of people; and Mr. Pryce is especially successful in his portrait of Christopher's mother, a charmingly drawn sketch of a charming Englishwoman. The description of the boy's life in Boulogne and later in England is not only admirably done from the point of view of description, but admirably done from the standpoint of a boy's psychology. From every point of view "Christopher" stands out from the average novel. It has a touch of distinction.

High Adventure (The). By John Oxenham. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.20.

This attractive title just fits the story, which is a romance of the Alps, woven around the escape of a much ill-treated young woman from prison with the aid of her sister and a young Englishman who happens to be at hand. Together the three wander over hill and lake in search of safety, and their adventures are in turn idyllic, thrilling, and tragical. The book is by no means Mr. Oxenham's most important novel; but it is a light, cheerful, and attractive tale of incident, with not a little charm.

Vein of the Timberlands (The). By Harold Bindloss. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.25.

Dull.

Pilgrims' Way (The). By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

In her widely read books on Italian history and biographical subjects Mrs. Ady has shown notable aptitude for clear and picturesque writing. This same quality is found in her charming book about the road from Winchester to Canterbury, of which several editions have been published, and which now appears in revised and exceedingly pleasing form. The descriptions are simple and the old-time atmosphere is constantly preserved, while the pictures in color and in black and white fitly and even beautifully illustrate the text.

Magic of Spain (The). By Aubrey F. G. Bell. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Bell knows his Spain well. He has lived there long, and, what is more, he has lived in the less familiar regions of Spain. He has been in intimate touch with the Spaniards. His book is therefore a first-hand contribution. In it will not be found the usual descriptions of buildings and cities, but in it will be found glimpses of old Castile and Catalonia, certain aspects of such cities as Seville and Toledo, and especially certain judgments as to Spanish character as reflected by the modern school of novelists, together with discriminating criticisms of those novelists. Perhaps the volume is too overladen with references—indeed, it seems rather like a book of reference. But that is, after all, no great fault.

Some Pages of My Life. By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75.

A winsome book by a winsome man is "Some Pages of My Life," by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, who last year, at the age of seventy, resigned the See of Ripon, which he had held since 1884. It is remarkable that the ecclesiastical career of so eminent a leader of the Church of England is so sparingly mentioned in these pages, only two among its many chapters being given to the experiences of his early ministry. His reminiscences of the many in high and humble places from whom he has derived aught of interest or benefit include his friendships with kings and with famous men, but they lead aside from all the great affairs of Church and State in which he bore a part, and only a faint and distant murmur of these is occasionally heard. The outstanding traits of character in his musings on what life has brought to him are a

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human sympathy both wide and warm, and a constant intentness to see the better side of all things. To his large measure of the saving grace of humor he owed much, and in the many instances of it that occur in his narratives his readers will find delight. The entire volume is pervaded by a peculiar charm both of spirit and of expression.

Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons, Friend of the Small College and of Missions. By Edward F. Williams. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.25.

Amos Lawrence, some sixty years ago, said that a rich man of benevolent mind would do well to make himself his own executor. Dr. Edward F. Williams writes of one who has been doing so for the past twenty-two years—Dr. D. K. Pearsons. More than forty colleges, North, South, East, and West, in strategic points for Christian education, besides the educational work of the American Board in foreign lands, have been his beneficiaries. When forty years of age, Dr. Pearsons went into business in Chicago, and retired rich in his seventieth year. A liberal giver meanwhile, his gifts to Chicago institutions alone aggregating a million dollars, he then determined to devote the larger part of his fortune to educational needs. "I am responsible," he said, "for the just distribution of the great wealth to the Providence under which it came to me." Thenceforward giving became, as he said, his "only occupation." In the course of twenty-two years he has distributed some five million dollars among the so-called "fresh-water" colleges as "the greatest educational institution in America," next to the common school. His businesslike methods and Christian principles in this laborious undertaking and the beneficent results of it are fully exhibited in Dr. Williams's record of a modest, simple, and strenuous life, now prolonged to nearly the ninety-third year.

Corporations and the State. By Theodore E. Burton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

This is a series of popular lectures delivered by Senator Burton at the University of Pennsylvania in the fall of 1910, with a supplementary chapter on "The Decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust Cases." They are popular statements, valuable for the lay reader rather than for the student of the problems growing out of the relations of the great corporations and the modern state.

Mystics of the Renaissance. By Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

In summing up his account of "The Mystics of the Renaissance" Dr. Rudolf Steiner, of Vienna, makes a point of special interest to-day—the affinity of their thought with the present trend of research in natural science. These mystics, whose views, with their agreements and differences, he sets forth as their adherent, from Meister Eckhart in the thirteenth century to Angelus Silesius in the seventeenth, all felt that the life that pulsed within them was the life of God. To-day scientific men are beginning to say, "Matter is spirit;" "Nature is spirit;" "The universe is a living universe;" "All is mechanical, and all is spiritual." To the agnostic, who says that the infinite and eternal energy whence all things proceed wells up within us in the form of consciousness, those mystics, finding within themselves the living God, could have said almost what St. Paul said to the Greek philosophers: "What ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you." Dr. Steiner, readily consenting to Haeckel's view of nature, says: "I have, through and through, the feeling that, in a view of nature such as Ernest Haeckel's, only he can lose himself amid shallows who himself approaches it with a shallow thought world."

Home University Library.—Astronomy, by A. R. Hinks. **The Civil War,** by Frederic L. Paxson. **The Dawn of History,** by J. L. Myres. **Elements of English Law,** by W. M. Geldart. **The Evolution of Industry,** by D. H. MacGregor. **English Literature, Modern,** by G. H. Mair. **The Civilization of China,** by H. A. Giles. **The Papacy and Modern Times,** by the Rev. William Barry, D.D. **Psychical Research,** by W. F. Barrett. **An Introduction to Science,** by J. Arthur Thomson. **History of Our Time—1885–1911,** by G. P. Gooch. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 50c. per vol.

We have already pointed out the wide scope taken by the Home University Library. Its books are not compilations, but original treatments, in very brief compass and at a low price, of important topics. The titles above given indicate the increasing value of the series.

American Year Book (The). Edited by F. G. Wickware. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

We have already spoken of the exceeding usefulness of this work, and greet the new volume with interest and appreciation. To all newspaper workers and all students of public affairs the book is of substantial value. The year 1911 has been covered even more thoroughly than has been done before. The list of names of the contributors and supervisory board includes a large number of men who are in touch at first hand with the matters treated. The history of the year as regards social economy, finance, municipal government, National administration, National history, international relations, engineering, the arts, and many other topics, is complete and at the same time condensed.

Life and Love of the Insect (The). By J. H. Fabre. Adam and Charles Black, London.

The author of this book was long ago recognized abroad as not only a close and careful observer of nature, but as a charming popular writer on such subjects as that indicated by the title of this book. He has been called by Maeterlinck an "insects' Homer," "a profound and inventive scholar," and "a genuine poet." M. Fabre is now nearly ninety years of age, and his books have taken a recognized place as literature.

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The present volume contains a selection from two or three hundred such essays. They deal in the most delightfully intimate way with the personal and family life of such insects as the sacred beetle and the scorpion, and the point of view is often as idealistic and poetical as that of Maeterlinck himself in his famous book on the bee. But with this is combined the closest observation. The essays are really notable for their readable quality as well as their clear description, and they have been excellently translated by Alexander T. de Mattos.

Three Wonderlands of the American West. By Thomas D. Murphy. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $3.

The three wonders here described are the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite National Park, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. A striking feature of the book is the reproduction in color of sixteen of Thomas Moran's paintings, while the large size of the volume makes possible also the use of photographs which are really adequate. The narrative and descriptive text is worthy of commendation.

Book of Birds (The). By Augustus W. Bomberger. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $1.

The multiplication of books on birds indicates the growing popular interest in this delightful branch of nature study. The present volume is well illustrated by photographs from nature taken by Mr. W. L. Baily. Bird photography is a very difficult branch of the art, and these pictures are in many ways unusual. The text is familiar, pleasant, and brings the reader into intimacy with bird family life.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

TO MAZZINI, NOT TO CAVOUR

In his always interesting way, Mr. Roosevelt, in an Outlook article, comes to the conclusion that Cavour was the third of the great trio of statesmen of whom Lincoln and Bismarck were the other two. I hope you will allow a regular reader of yours, who is a son of an Italian patriot, to express his humble dissent from Mr. Roosevelt's estimate. Whether or not this estimate has been inspired by Mr. Thayer's work, there is no gainsaying the fact that the head and front of Italian unity was Joseph Mazzini. We need not resort to a William Lloyd Garrison nor to a Karl Blind to prove the statement.

Every move, every turn, in the events that led to the final entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome as King of a united people was inspired by Mazzini, whether from within Italy or from the sole place where he, hounded and hunted down because of his liberal views, found a sort of refuge. In and from London he rallied around him the intrepid patriots; he wrote and he instilled new vigor into his compatriots. His magnetic personality, his virile attitude, his marvelous perception of men and of things, his rarely-to-be-found sacrifice, his willingness to shoulder the musket of a private soldier in the ranks rather than, like others, crave for honors, his later refusal to participate in a monarchy when he sought and strove alone for a republic—all these and many other evidences would, in the humble opinion of not a few, rather discount Mr. Roosevelt's statement that "Cavour not only did more than any other one man for Italian unity and independence, but he symbolized the movement as neither Garibaldi the Paladin, nor Mazzini the Republican, nor even King Victor Emmanuel symbolized it."

Not to disparage for an instant the labors of the other great men towards Italy's unification, but to accentuate a fact which, slow of admission and of acceptation by reason of the outward clamor and noise made for the conquering hero, I must dare to repeat, despite the forceful declaration of Mr. Roosevelt, that the real inspiration of Italian unity was none other than Joseph Mazzini.

My father, Sabato Morais, knew Mazzini and studied him. To know him was to love him, because to study him was to find the truth; and with such evidence, joined to that of the others who have sought and found the underlying purposes and real motives of the things that made for a united Italy, it is not venturing any to assert, and to insist, that to Mazzini, the uncompromising Republican, is due, more than to any other Italian, what that nation has now become, and that he, in truth, is entitled to one of the places in the triumvirate of the "greatest and most influential statesmen in purpose and achievement since the close of the Napoleonic epoch."

HENRY S. MORAIS.

Bensonhurst, New York.

"WHAT IS SPORTSMANSHIP?"

In the name of fair play, I must enter protest against an article you published in your issue of November 11, 1911, by Robert Haven Schauffler, under the title "What is Sportsmanship?"

I shall make this communication brief, since you probably have no space for the detail which I can supply if you desire it. I will

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merely take up Mr. Schauffler's statement, apropos of the 1906 Olympic Games at Athens, that "except among the Anglo-Saxons, fair play presently began to be conspicuous by its rarity. . . . There was a notoriously good understanding, for instance, between the Greek athletes and officials."

This reflection is unwarranted. If there was any one thing more than another that impressed the visitors at Athens on this occasion, it was the desire of all the officials and the natives, from Prince George down, to conduct the games in the fairest spirit and to entertain the foreign athletes hospitably.

The particular instance of the one-hundred-meter sprint Mr. Schauffler cites to bear out his contention bespeaks ignorance of the athletic conditions and unfamiliarity with the contestants. The truth is that it was the American's own fault in that heat. The truth is also that Mr. Schauffler's contention of Anglo-Saxons being assigned the worst starting-places in the distance runs is flatly contradicted by the photographs of the events. The statements about the weight-lifting again indicate unfamiliarity with the records as with the facts of the contest. Mr. James E. Sullivan, America's official representative, was in daily attendance at these games, and officiated in many, and in this weight contest particularly. Mr. Sullivan says: "I came away from Athens with a new idea of sportsmanship. I was in an entirely new atmosphere. I was brought in daily contact with the Prince and the jury as well as all the other officials, and I saw each and every event, and I am convinced that the races were all fairly decided. The best of sportsmanship prevailed everywhere between all the contestants and the officials."

Mr. Schauffler's laudation of the great team work of Robertson again shows ignorance and a peculiar conception of sportsmanship. Lawson Robertson could not have won that heat; he could not at that time have beaten Hahn, who was there to win, Robertson being there to get second place. Had Robertson been guilty of the act with which Mr. Schauffler credits him, we should lose our respect for him, because an athlete who will knowingly run such a race as described, endeavoring to hold one man from seeing another going into the lead, is not the type of man to be encouraged in athletics; nor is he the type that lasts long. The fact is, the incident did not occur; it is simply Mr. Schauffler's wrong impression.

Furthermore, as to the action of the Greeks: Prince George met Sherring, the winner of the Marathon race, at the entrance of the stadium, running with him nearly the length of the stadium to the finish, and led the Greeks in their applause, waving his hands in token of his appreciation of the victor's ability.

In closing this brief but emphatic protest against this attack of Mr. Schauffler's on Continental sportsmanship, I will say that there are ample data and photographs in New York to substantiate what I have here said. Apropos of Mr. Schauffler's low estimate of French lawn tennis, he appears not to have heard of the recent match between teams of Great Britain and France, in which the Englishmen won two out of about *twenty matches*.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

New York City.

TARIFF AND CLOTHES

Your recent editorial on Schedule K reminds me that the figures I gave you in my letter of July 8 agree closely with that of the Tariff Board's average $23 suit, so I am tempted to try to foretell the effect of impending changes in Schedule K.

Reductions will be passed on to the consumer only in case they must be. I asked a man in a tannery concern whose head I had heard call for free hides how much the removal of duty had dropped the price. He said, with disgust, "Nothing. They [the foreign producers?] took the duty themselves." Probably, then, that part of the twenty-three cents' profit which, according to the Tariff Board, the cloth manufacturer makes in a $23 suit, which he is made to forego by tariff changes, will be absorbed by garment-makers and retailers.

I foretell, first, that tariff changes will make no difference in the prices to the wearer of the cheaper suits.

Second, in the more expensive suits there will be a reduction. A business suit of wool made in the best American mills, such as the Georges River Mills, and made up in the best houses, costs $30. The same suit from the same house in imported Scotch goods, just as durable and no more so, will cost $35 with the tariff, and about the same as the home goods without. As the price for finer fabrics rises, the difference rises. Stuff costing $4 a yard abroad must be figured at $7 a yard here, and three and one-half yards go into a $50 suit. Tailors who make custom suits for fashion's sake alone use imported goods. They also say they are better than any made here. Thus the main gainers of the change will be the ladies who wear tailor-made gowns and (if they insist upon it and are not of a class who pay without question) the people who wear custom suits.

Third, the importers and foreign manufacturers will naturally gain a good deal.

Fourth, there will be relatively great reduction in Government revenue.

I do not believe that the cut will be severe enough to move the big manufacturing houses away from Rochester to Europe, and the effect on the home business will be a slight dullness due to a slight displacement of the better American cloths by imported goods. L.

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BY THE WAY

Sir Robert Baden-Powell—better known as General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking—is visiting America in the interest of the Boy Scouts. Happy must be the ex-soldier who can thus devote his time and energy to making soldiers for humanity out of undisciplined recruits in the shape of growing boys.

The Girl Pioneers of America is the name of a new society that proposes to enlist the activity of young girls on lines analogous to those of the Boy Scout movement.

Americans desirous of escaping from the rigors of a northern winter to sunny southern climes can now have hotel comforts on the voyage. A new cruiser built for this traffic has bunkless staterooms—bedsteads taking the place of the familiar shelf; a window in every stateroom; a thirty-foot swimming-pool, with artificially warmed water, and a two-story dining-room with artificially cooled air when that is desired. Another steamer provides a ball-room and a gymnasium for the amusement of passengers.

The old Congress Hall in Philadelphia, in which George Washington took the oath of office as President at the beginning of his second term, in 1793, is being restored to the appearance it presented on that historic occasion.

A correspondent of the "Literary Digest" avers that the famous crack in the Liberty Bell is not a crack, but only the facsimile of a crack. His assertion is that the original bell was indeed cracked, but that the present bell is a recast from a model of the old one, with the crack filled up, though still showing the lines of the defect. Philadelphia papers please copy.

The Salvation Army recently stated that its property holdings in the United States exceed $5,000,000 in value. This is a pertinent illustration of the fact that the larger religious organizations, Catholic and Protestant, Quaker, Jewish, and Mormon, generally find it easy to accumulate property. If they could only pass on the secret to struggling local churches!

A writer in the "Electrical Review" thinks that electrical companies should attach to business letters a "sticker" defining electrical terms, such as watt, ampere, volt, kilowatt, load-factor, etc. This brings to mind a paragraph in another journal about a telephone subscriber who called up "Information" to ask how many inches there are in a meter. To Information's inquiry, "Haven't you got a dictionary that you could consult?" came the answer, "Yes, but it's less trouble to ask you."

A vacation home for poor and needy persons and for convalescents or persons in delicate health has been provided for in the will of Mrs. Caroline Neustadter, of New York City, who left $1,000,000 for the purpose. This is a most commendable bequest, but let us hope that, for the sake of the feelings of the beneficiaries, the words "poor and needy" will be carefully eliminated from the name of the home and its announcements. For real benefit, a vacation must upbuild the spirit as well as the body.

The United States leads the nations in growth of population for the last forty years. Within that period its increase has been 52,500,000; Germany comes next, with 24,000,000; then Great Britain, with 13,500,000; while France's increase has been only 3,500,000.

Amulets and charms are still widely believed in, judging from the letters of recommendation in circulars sent through the mails by a Boston jeweler who sells "lucky stones." "The very day I received the lucky stone," says one of the gullible ones, "I met a man who had owed me several dollars for years, and he paid me all that was coming to me." Rheumatism and other bodily ills as well as bad debts are, so the letters say, cured by the lucky stone. Now if the Post-Office authorities could only get one of these marvelous stones, perhaps they would be lucky enough to terminate their sale.

There are unlucky stones too, it seems. The famous Hope diamond, which week before last was bought by a gem-loving American, has a reputation for bringing misfortune to its owner. As its most recent buyer, however, gave *$180,000 for it (a record price for a diamond in America)*, while a few years ago it sold for only $80,000, the Hope diamond appears to be living down its bad repute and living up to the significance of its name.

Vital statistics ascribe short lives to printers, on the average, but the recent report of the Public Printer states that there are employed at present in the Government Printing Office at Washington 250 persons over sixty-five years of age. The saying that among Government employees "few die and none resign" seems the only explanation.

Sixty-six shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, employing 50,000 men, have been equipped with safety appliances, and the result has been a decrease of accidents from an average of 300 a month to about 100. Bulletins have also been issued to the employees showing how to avoid accident, and these have had a helpful influence.

A painting by Corot, "Souvenir des Environs du Lac de Nemi," was recently sold at auction in New York City for $85,000—the largest price ever paid in America for a picture by this artist. It is said that Corot originally sold the painting for $1,000.

Among recent patents which attract attention by reason of their novelty are one for making sausages without casings (a searing process), and one for an illuminated flat iron. The latter contrivance is described as containing incandescent light bulbs which serve at the same time to heat the iron and to illuminate the work which is being ironed.

"In America," says a contemporary, "we need more old things. Be it ever so homely, Smith's Pond, if the original name, is better than Fairy Glen Lake, or any other fanciful appellation." The difficulty is, there may be a dozen Smith's Ponds or Smithvilles in the same State. Even a good name may be used too often. For instance, there are said to be ten Lincoln streets and avenues in the newly amalgamated city of Pittsburgh. It is the confusing repetition of names, quite as much as the lack of invention shown in bestowing them, that often causes dissatisfaction with familiar names.

The palindrome, or sentence which reads alike forward or backward, has exercised the ingenuity of many minds since Adam said to Eve, "Madam, I'm Adam." One, which an exchange attributes to Boïto, the composer, is a characterization of two of Shakespeare's heroes, in Italian: "*Ebro è Otel, ma Amleto è orbe*" (Drunken is Othello, but Hamlet is mad).

A proposed new game law in New York State will make the open season for deer-hunting later in the year, with the purpose, in part, of preventing the accidental shooting of human beings. It is thought that when the trees are denuded of leaves the man affected with "buck fever" will be less likely to shoot his guide or companion.

That musicians, like every one else, should be careful in writing humorous letters is illustrated by the break in the friendship between Wagner and Liszt. Following a would-be humorous appeal for money from Wagner to his friend, the correspondence between the two, we are informed by the London "Musical Times," ceased for eleven years. An appeal for a loan is apt to strain any friendship; and when it is couched in humorous terms—

Uncle Sam's corn club for boys last year had 55,000 members. Each of these boys planted and harvested an acre of corn. Bennie Beeson, of Monticello, Mississippi, raised 227 bushels on his acre. The average yield per acre by men farmers, the country over, is about 28 bushels.

A little girl of eleven, Lois Edmonds, is said to be the champion bread-maker of Iowa, she having won the honor in competition with 1,400 other contestants. She is to visit Washington together with ten boys who are champion corn-raisers in their respective districts in Iowa, the party being sent by the Congressmen of the State.

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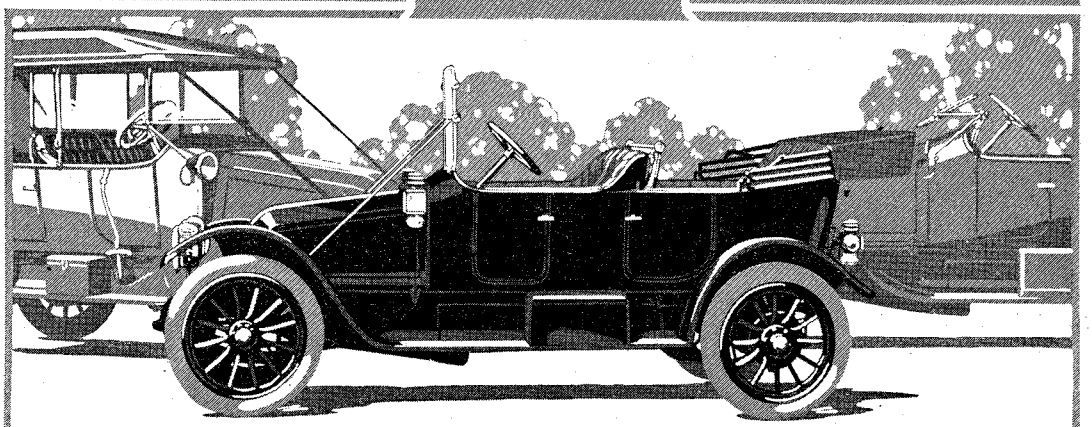

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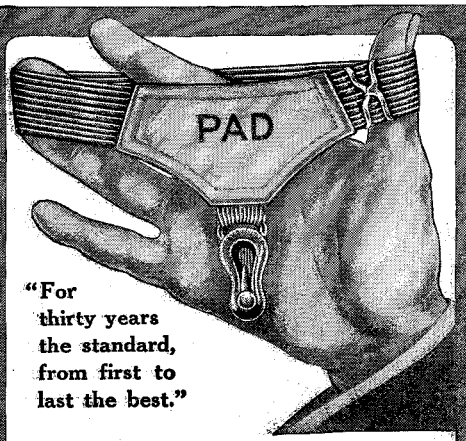

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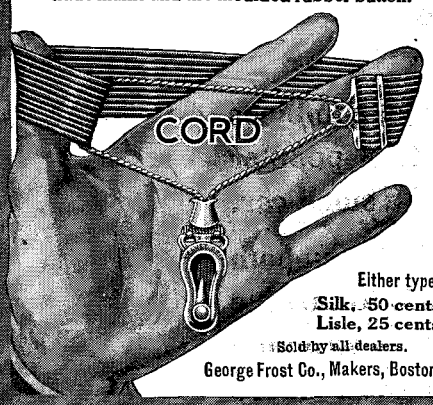

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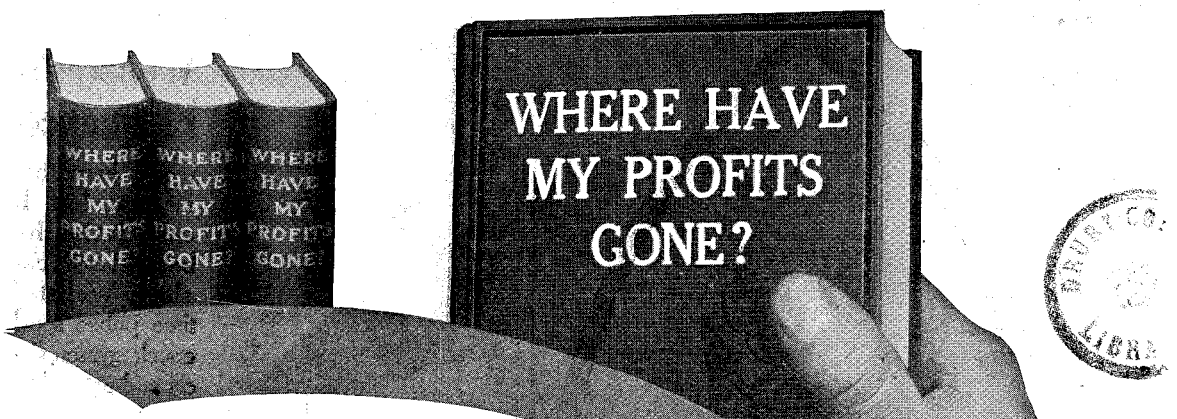

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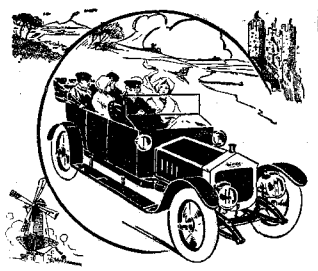

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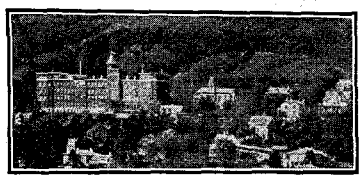

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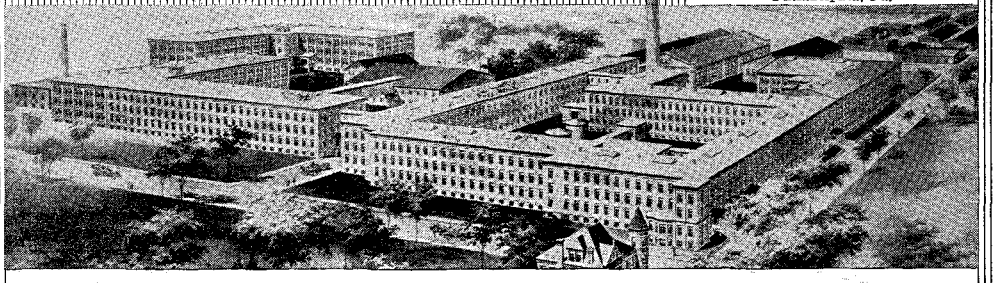

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